Jan. 12, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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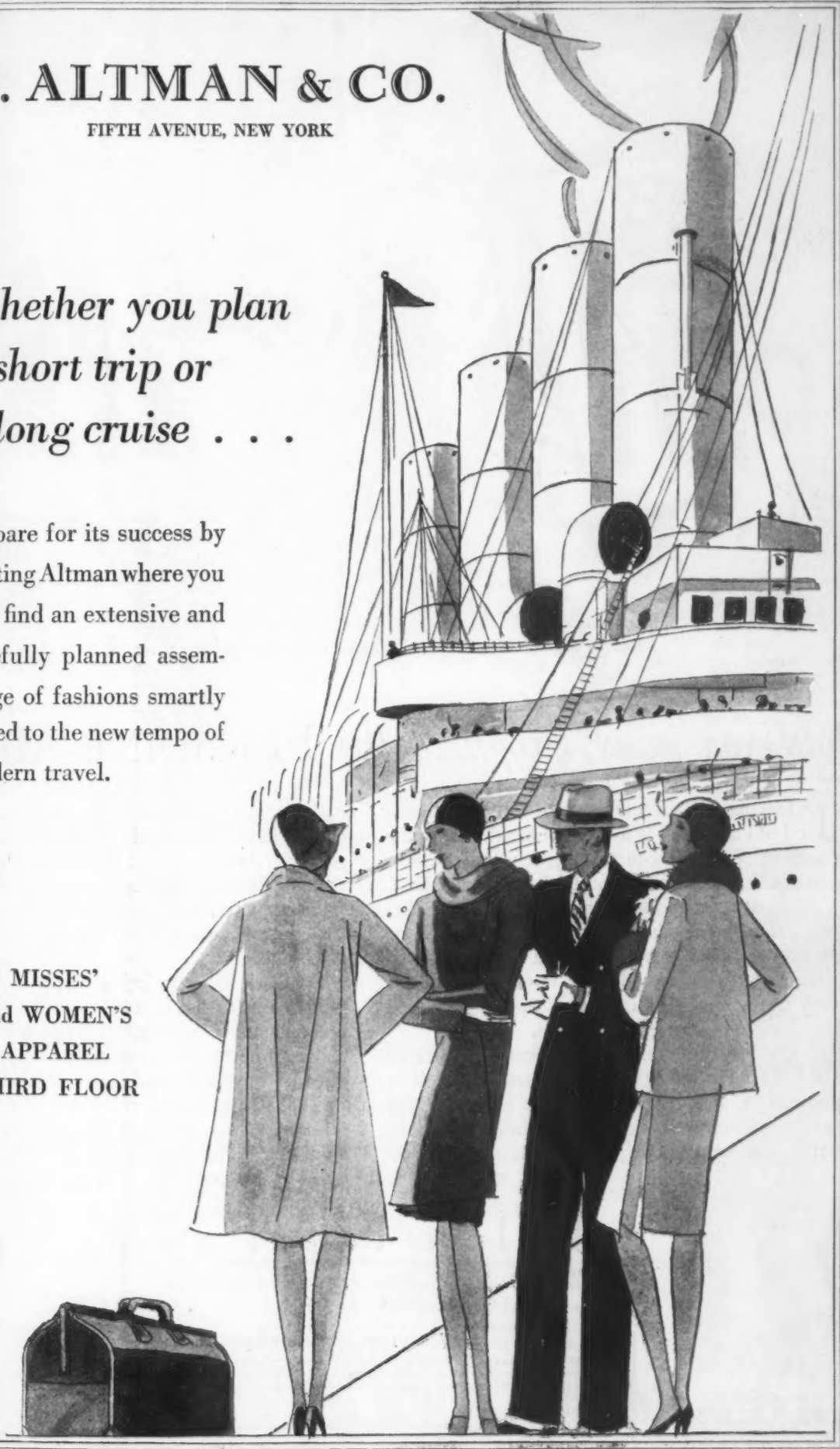

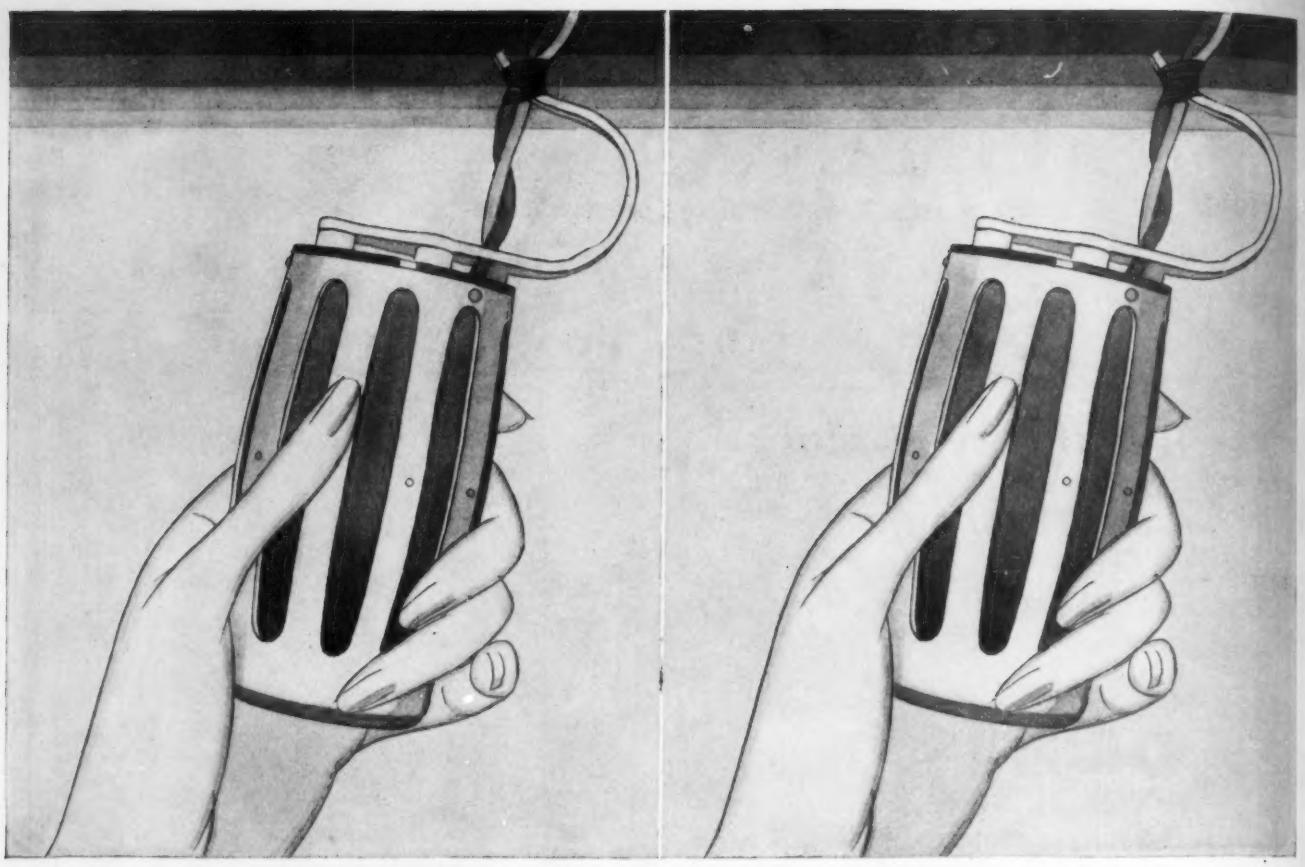

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. IV, No. 47, January 12, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1928, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

Tribout Shop au Troisième

Light weight Kashmir suit with beige and brown Jersey jumper (*above*) $85

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Handkerchief linen in blue, yellow, orchid, rose, or gray (*above*) $39

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., and the midweek matinée will be on Wednesday, except as noted below. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—The atmosphere of Edith Wharton's novel of New York in the seventies transferred to the stage in a slow play full of renunciations, and worth seeing for Katharine Cornell's performance. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

CAPRICE—A comedy so perfectly acted by Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt that its unimportance becomes unimportant. (Guild, 52, W. 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

CIVIC REPERTORY—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne —"The Cherry Orchard," Nazimova in Tchekov's exquisite play. (Fri., Tues., and Thurs. Eves., Jan. 11, 15, and 17.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie play. (Sat. Mat., Jan. 12; Wed. and Sat. Mats., Jan. 16 and 19.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," translated Molière. (Sat. Eve., Jan. 12.) . . . "The Lady from Alfaqueque," by the Quintero brothers. (Mon. Eve., Jan. 14, première; Wed. and Sat. Eves., Jan. 16 and 19.) . . . "Hedda Gabler," revival of Ibsen's tragedy. (Fri. Eve., Jan. 18.) (Civic Repertory Theatre, 14, W. of 6 Ave.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Walter Hampden retouches his fine portrait of Rostand's hero. (Hampden, B'way at 62. 2 and 8 P.M.)

DIAMOND LIL—This Mae West show is swell entertainment. Last two days. (Royale, 45, W. Closes Sat., Jan. 12.)

THE FRONT PAGE—The best of all newspaper plays. Osgood Perkins is particularly good. (Times Square, 42, W.)

THE HIGH ROAD—Edna Best as an actress and Herbert Marshall as a duke create enchantment out of an ordinary comedy. (Fulton, 46, W.)

HOLIDAY—Philip Barry's engaging high comedy, with Hope Williams and Donald Ogden Stewart. (Plymouth, 45, W. 2:35 and 8:35 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

JEALOUSY—Fay Bainter, John Halliday, and the telephone, involved in a crime of passion, provide an absorbing evening. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:40 P.M.)

THE KINGDOM OF GOD—A mild and episodic play turned into a memorable experience by Ethel Barrymore's performance. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—Gay and well-presented comedy, featuring Thomas Mitchell and Katherine Alexander. (Morosco, 45, W.)

MACBETH—Only two days more to see a production that has magnificent settings by Gordon Craig, and vigorous rather than subtle acting by Florence Reed and Lyn Harding. (Knickerbocker, B'way at 38. 2:15 and 8:20 P.M. Closes Sat., Jan. 12.)

MAJOR BARBARA—An uninspired rendition of Shaw's argumentative comedy. (Republic, 42, W.)

A MOST IMMORAL LADY—The feminine half of a badger game de luxe falls into her own trap. An urbane comedy, with Alice Brady. (Cort, 48, E.)

PARIS—Routine farce, with Irene Bordoni singing some priceless songs by Cole Porter. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—A. A. Milne's exciting play about a beautifully planned, and apparently detective-proof, murder. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. Mat. Fri.)

POPPA—A tender Jewish comedy that turns into a very funny farce. (Hudson, 44, E.)

S. S. GLENCAIRN—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's cycle of one-act plays of the sea: "In the Zone," "Bound East for Cardiff," "The Long Voyage Home," and "The Moon of the Caribbees." (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal. Every Eve. except Mon. at 8:40, and Mat. Sat. only at 2:40.)

SIGN OF THE LEOPARD—The fairly entertaining Edgar Wallace mystery which captured London. (National, 41, W.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—The amazing O'Neill marathon that long since became permanent. Judith Anderson heads a Guild cast. (Golden, 58, E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40.)

THIS THING CALLED LOVE—How love crept into a sensible business marriage and got things all mixed up. Last two days. (Bijou, 45, W. Closes Sat., Jan. 12.)

THE WILD DUCK—Ibsen's fine and moving play singularly well acted by Blanche Yurka. (49th Street, 49, W.)

WINGS OVER EUROPE—How a Shelleyan scientist masters the atom, and what the British Cabinet does about it, set forth in an absorbing play that is very worth seeing. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

NOTE—A delightful commentary on yesterday's theatre, "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," portraying events leading to the great railroad rescue, and played just as it was fifty years ago, can still be seen at the Rialto, 118 Hudson St., Hoboken. Eves. at 8:30, and Mats. Wed. and Sat., at 2:30. (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is only a few blocks from the theatre.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 19]

WITH MUSIC

ANIMAL CRACKERS—The wild and unrelenting madness of the Brothers Marx. (44th Street, 44, W.)

BLACKBIRDS—If you've never heard the tap-tap of Bill Robinson's feet, don't miss this colored revue. (Eltinge, 42, W. 2:45 and 8:45 P.M. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—W. C. Fields in priceless moments of comedy. Mr. Carroll's trappings are not so good. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—The old familiar graces of Ann Pennington, Harry Richman, and the rest. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GOOD BOY—An average musical heavily indebted to its scenic effects. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

HELLO DADDY!—A plot that insults you but a cast you can forgive. With Lew Fields. (Mansfield, 47, W. Mat. Thurs.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—Love and fisticuffs in a well-paced production. One of the best. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

THE NEW MOON—Roaring romance in old New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W.)

THE RED ROBE—Walter Woolf as a gentleman adventurer of the Cardinal Richelieu period. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW BOAT—Charles Winninger and Helen Morgan are in it, the score is Jerome Kern's best, and you'll probably go twice. Now in its second year. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

THIS YEAR OF GRACE—London's wittiest and smartest revue assumes the same position in New York. With Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THREE CHEERS—Will Rogers pinch-hitting for Fred Stone. He's at his best. We can't shout any louder than that. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

WHOOPEE—Beautiful but not dumb. Eddie Cantor is the star. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

NOTE—George Olsen and his band, and Julius Tannen, will be at the Palace, Fri. and Sat., Jan. 11 and 12. Performances at 2 and 8 P.M.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

GYPSY—A play by Maxwell Anderson, with Claiborne Foster. Opens Mon., Jan. 14. (Klaw, 45, W.)

THE LADY FROM ALFAQUEQUE—Adapted by Granville Barker from a play by the Quintero brothers. Opens Mon., Jan. 14. (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

FOLLOW THRU—A new musical comedy by Schwab, De Sylva, and Henderson. (46th Street, 46, W.)

POLLY—A musical comedy based on "Polly With a Past." (Lyric, 42, W.)

STREET SCENE—A play by Elmer Rice. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Rhinelander 9000)—Dancing in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere.*

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191)—Noisy Village rendezvous which is good fun.

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd and excellent music; Beatrice Lillie, and Moss and Fontana open here Fri., Jan. 11.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Still a favorite and as pleasant as ever. Emil Coleman's orchestra.*

CLUB PLAZA, Hotel Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (Plaza 1740)—Music by the old Pall Mall orchestra. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Harry Richman and Frances Williams making merry.*

HEIGH-HO, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Rudy Vallee's jazz and good food in a Don Dickerman setting. Must dress.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC, New Amsterdam Roof, 42, W. of B'way (Wisconsin 8312)—Ziegfeld entertainment, with Helen Morgan.

(Continued on page 6)

Portrait of A Smart Young Woman

Best's exclusive Qui m'Aime? oil 3.50

The Gob's hat in toile basque 1.75

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PARIS

Best & Co.

LONDON

Fifth Avenue at 35th St.—N. Y.

Palm Beach

(Continued from page 4)

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Joseph Urban decorations and Vincent Lopez' orchestra. Must dress.

VILLA VENICE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 6000)—The younger set dancing in nice surroundings. Must dress.

YAR, 9 E. 54 (Plaza 0397)—Small, Russian, and chic, with a tiny dance floor.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only some of the more interesting places of this type—there are many others: The Rendezvous, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way between 50 and 51, has Clayton, Jackson, and Durante; The Mirador, 200 W. 51, with a Meyer Davis orchestra; Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, you will find Jack White amusing; Casanova, 151 W. 54, has a good floor show; Texas Guinan Showplace, 203 W. 54, with the perennial Texas Guinan herself; Phil Baker is at the Little Club, 44th Street Theatre Bldg., 44, W. of B'way.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—For informal and inexpensive evenings: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—Small's, 7 Ave. at 134; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and The Cotton Club, 644 Lenox, at 142, are among the better places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go very late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Kavkaz, B'way at 53, is always good, particularly Saturday nights.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Regent 4900).

MOTION PICTURES

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE—The well-known play of the safe-cracker made into an amusing picture, with some successful talking scenes. William Haines and Lionel Barrymore are in it. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE BARKER—Milton Sills in a fairly entertaining movie of the circus play. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE HOME TOWNERS—From George M. Cohan's play. (Strand, B'way at 47; Fri., Jan. 11; performances continuous from 10:30 A.M.)

INTERFERENCE—Last year's play of blackmail and murder made into an all talking picture. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

MOTHER KNOWS BEST—Fair screen version of Edna Ferber's story. (Plaza, Madison at 59; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 12-14; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

MY MAN—Fannie Brice Vitaphoning some of her best songs. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sat. and Sun at 6 P.M.)

THE RIVER—Love in the wilderness, with Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan, and worth attention. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

THE SINGING FOOL—For the followers of Al Jolson; with successful Vitaphone. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

WHITE SHADOWS—The sorry influence of white civilization in the South Seas in a serious and beautiful picture. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 12-14; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat., Jan. 19; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Behind the German Lines," the war from the German side; "Craig's Wife," George Kelly's play, well acted by Irene Rich; "Four Devils," some thrilling moments in circus life; "Homecoming," another fine German picture; "Lonesome," Glenn Tryon, Barbara Kent, and distinguished photography; "The Masks of the Devil," John Gilbert and the usual thrills and tears; "Our Dancing Daughters," Joan Crawford in an attractive film; "The Patriot," brilliant Jannings; "Scarlet Seas," shipwreck and mutiny east of Suez, with Mr. Barthelmess; "Show People," burlesque of Hollywood life; "Ten Days That Shook the World," revolution in Russia; "The Wedding March," Von Stroheim's lavish picture of pre-war Vienna; "The Wind," Lillian Gish in a picture of the western plains; "Wings," war in the air, well photographed.

ART

BOYD—First large show of a surprising talent trained abroad: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

CHIRICO—Show of large work of a distinctive painter: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

HANDFORTH—Another young American with a facile talent in etchings: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, above 61. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 19.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 19]

HARTLEY—First show in several years of one of America's best moderns: Stieglitz Room 303, Anderson Galleries, Park at 59. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

MELCHERS—Full show of paintings by one of the conservatives: Anderson Galleries, Park at 59. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

SPEICHER—Show of late work of this competent painter: Rehn, 693 5 Ave., above 54. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 19.

WATER COLOR—Annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society and the New York Water Color Club: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1:30 to 6 P.M.

ZAK—Comprehensive show of the works of a modern who died in the middle of his career: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 19.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise noted. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

CARL FRIEDBERG—One of the finest pianists. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 11.

THE ENGLISH SINGERS—Again, but never too often. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 12.

MISCHA ELMAN—Still another recital by the original Mischa. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 12.

FRANK SHERIDAN—A native pianist of unusual distinction. Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Jan. 14.

FLONZALEY QUARTET—The last season of this famous chamber-music organization. Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 15.

ALEXANDER GRETCHANINOFF AND NINA KOSHETZ—First appearance of a celebrated Russian composer, with Mme. Koshetz singing his songs. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 19.

ANDRES SEGOVIA—The guitarist in another recital. Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 19.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Mengelberg conducting: Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Aft., Jan. 13; Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 17, at 8:45, and Fri. Aft., Jan. 18, at 2:30. . . . Arthur Honegger and Hans Lange conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 19, at 8:45.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Bodanzky conducting: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 13, at 4.

PRAGUE TEACHERS' CHORUS—Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 13.

SCHOLA CANTORUM—Ross conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Jan. 16.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Haensel und Gretel," Fri. Aft., Jan. 11, at 2; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Fri. Eve., Jan. 11, at 8:15; "Goetterdaemmerung," Sat. Aft., Jan. 12, at 1:30; "Gioconda," Sat. Eve., Jan. 12, at 8. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

The American première of Ernst Krenek's "Jonny Spielt Auf" will take place at the Metropolitan, Sat. Eve., Jan. 19, at 8.

GERMAN OPERA COMPANY—At the Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of B'way: "Tristan und Isolde," Mon. Eve., Jan. 14, at 7:45; "Rheingold," Mon. Aft., Jan. 14, at 2, and Tues. Eve., Jan. 15, at 8; "Die Walkuere," Wed. Aft., Jan. 16, at 1:30, and Thurs. Eve., Jan. 17, at 6; "Siegfried," Fri. Aft., Jan. 18, at 1:30, and Sat. Eve., Jan. 19, at 6; "Goetterdaemmerung," Mon. Aft., Jan. 21, at 1:30, and Tues. Aft., Jan. 22, at 4.

ON THE AIR

OPERA—"Lucia di Lammermoor," Fri., Jan. 11, at 10 P.M., over WOR. . . . "The Bohemian Girl," Sun., Jan. 13, at 10:15 P.M., over WEAF. . . . Chicago Civic Opera, "Thais," Wed., Jan. 16, at 10 P.M., over WJZ.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRA—Damrosch conducting: Sat. Eves., Jan. 12 and 19, at 8 P.M., over WEAF.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Mengelberg conducting: Sun., Jan. 13, at 3 P.M., over WOR.

REINALD WERRENRATH—Old Scotch songs: Sun., Jan. 13, at 7 P.M., over WEAF.

NINA MORGANA—Soprano; and John Powell, pianist: Sun., Jan. 13, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Jimmy McLarnin vs. Joe Glick, Fri., Jan. 11, at 8:15 P.M.

PROFESSIONAL HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden, at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Rangers vs. Detroit, Sun. Eve., Jan. 13. . . . N. Y. Americans vs. Ottawa, Tues. Eve., Jan. 15. . . . N. Y. Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 17.

INDOOR POLO—Games at Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, at 8:30 P.M.: Yale vs. Squadron A, and Allenhurst vs. Squadron A, Sat. Eve., Jan. 12. . . . Penn. Military College vs. Squadron A, Hartford Cavalry vs. Squadron A, and Riding Club vs. Squadron A, Sat. Eve., Jan. 19.

OTHER EVENTS

RUTH DRAPER—In her extraordinary character sketches: Comedy Theatre, 41, W. of B'way; Eves. at 8:40; Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.

AUTOMOBILE SHOW—The big annual show: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46; last two days, Fri. and Sat., Jan. 11 and 12; open 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

MUSICALES—Sophie Braslau, contralto; Paul Kochanski, violinist; and Daisy Elgin, soprano, will appear at the Biltmore Musicale, in the ballroom of the Hotel Biltmore, Fri. Morn., Jan. 11, at 11. . . . Paul Althouse, tenor; Maria Kurenko, soprano; and Leonora Cortez, pianist, will take part in the first of the Roosevelt Recitals for Misericordia Hospital, at the Hotel Roosevelt, Fri. Morn., Jan. 18, at 11:30.

PUBLIC BALLS—Silver Ball, for the benefit of the N. Y. Infirmary for Women and Children: Madison Square Garden, Mon. Eve., Jan. 14. . . . Bal Guignol, for the benefit of the Reconstruction Hospital: Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., Jan. 18. . . . The Greenwich Village Ball: Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Fri. Eve., Jan. 18, at 10.

DANCE RECITALS—Carola Goya, Spanish dancer: Forrest Theatre, 49, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Jan. 13, at 8:45. . . . Priscilla Robineau and Charles Weidman: Booth Theatre, 45, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Jan. 13, at 8:30. . . . Anna Duncan, assisted by the Philharmonic-Symphony: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 15, at 8:30.

E. H. SOTHERN—Dramatic recital, "The Merchant of Venice:" Town Hall, Tues. Aft., Jan. 15, at 3.

AUCTIONS—Medieval and Renaissance Art, from the Frederic Spitzer collection: Anderson Galleries, Park at 59, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 11 and 12, at 2, and Fri. Eve., Jan. 11, at 8:15. . . . Gold snuff boxes, miniatures, and fans, from the Edith Kingdon Gould collection: American Art Galleries, Madison at 57, Sat. Aft., Jan. 12, at 2. . . . Near Eastern antiques, from the collection of H. Khan Monif: Anderson Galleries, Park at 59, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Jan. 16 and 17, at 2. . . . Italian art, chiefly of the Renaissance period: American Art Galleries, Madison at 57, Fri. and Sat., Jan. 18 and 19.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT is the very rich people who are the very well-informed people, on certain subjects. Mingling, as we sometimes do, with preposterously wealthy persons, we find ourself ill at ease and conversationally unfit be-

cause the talk always gets round to the Chippendale influence on the percolators of the Ming dynasty, and other hard subjects. We didn't use to know why that was, but have found out. It isn't because rich people have the leisure to develop their minds, it is because they have a certain stipulated amount of money which has to be spent, come what may. Consequently, in order to import, with any degree of credit to themselves, a fine specimen of the Etruscan Whiffletree, or to construct a room tastefully in period Albanian, they first must know something about it. By Heaven, they learn! The American millionaire is really a student, through no choice of his own—and it seems likely that some day, if he does his homework faithfully, he's going to get somewhere.

IF the police could close speakeasies that sell poisonous liquor, we would favor it. If the police could close all speakeasies, we would favor that. But the police admit that they cannot close the speakeasies—of which there are now about seventeen thousand. The reason they can't do it is that the demand for liquor is constant, and the supply is constant, and hence the sale is virtually constant. The fact that the purblind New York police, without so much as rubbing their eyes, could go into and raid five hundred places in a fortnight is an enlightening commentary on this age of innocence, as well as a pretty good forecast of the immediate future. That the sale of liquor has always been blessed with a certain coöperation on the part of the police, nobody can deny, or wants to. There has been an unavoidable averting of the eyes, due partly to the normal functioning of graft, and partly to the normal human disinclination to kick up a fuss every minute and disrupt business organizations. Speakeasies are businesses, however hypocritical and uncomfortable and unlovely they are, and lately they have been getting on their feet in a solid business way. What the police graft has been is hard to find out, because the police won't tell and neither will the proprietors. The only thing known about it is that the consumer pays it, in the price of his drink.

Mr. Whalen's crusades seem to us

interesting but doubtful; they seem to us more spectacular than intelligent. While the ultimate result is difficult to predict, the immediate results are patent: (1) amount of drinking, same; (2) price of liquor, up; (3) quality of liquor, worse if anything; (4) publicity for the Commissioner, much; (5) circulation of the *Telegram*, up.

The only gleam of hope in the whole fiery business is that it may aid the tottering nation to see what a stew we are all in, to the ultimate reconditioning of our Constitution. Even that seems strangely doubtful.

SUGGESTION to theatre managers: erect, alongside the window of the box office, a little electric indicator board showing the seating plan of the house so constructed that when

a prospective purchaser asks where his seats are located, the clerk can press a couple of buttons and lo, a couple of little electric lights will flash, indicating the seats clearly.

Another suggestion to theatre managers: discharge the person now in charge of your box office and hire someone with a quieter spleen. It is no surprise to us that the theatres are having a bad time—they eminently deserve it. For some reason which we've never understood, most theatres go out of their way to discourage the purchase of tickets by making the operation not only outrageously expensive but unnecessarily disagreeable.

OUR attitude toward traffic has changed from the cynical to the statistical. With little else to amuse us, we have invented a game. The object is to see how many southbound buses we can pass, walking from Fifty-seventh Street to Forty-fifth Street on Fifth Avenue. Our most recent record is thirty-two buses. We publish it on the chance that it may interest the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, or the Traffic Department, or President Coolidge. The previous high record was thirty northbound buses passed while walking from Forty-fifth to Fifty-ninth. The combined statis-

tics ought to interest someone. Not only is vehicular travel in this district preposterous, but pedestrian travel has to be undertaken in the face of the poisonous gas exuded from the obviously ineffectual common carriers.

Titles

VICE-PRESIDENT DAWES attended a banquet given for a group of visiting Britishers by the Commercial Club of Chicago, of which he has long been an officer. Next him at the table of honor was one of the foreign guests, Sir Charles Something. Shortly after being seated the latter essayed conversation. "It must be a great responsibility," he said, "to be vice-president of a great club like this."

Scotty Etcher

THE device on the radiator cap of an automobile which may usually be seen standing before a studio in the East Forties is a silver Scottish terrier. The machine belongs to Miss Marguerite Kirmse, who owes much to the breed. A few years ago a Scotty shared his dog biscuit with her—or at any rate didn't object when she reached down and took part of it. At that time the young lady was very low in funds, and hungry. Later the terrier breed—with the help of a Victrola needle—again came to her rescue, this time in a more substantial way. One day she idly etched a Scotty on a copper plate with the phonograph needle, and showed the result to a dealer. The latter became enthusiastic. She then began to make a career of this art and last year sold more etchings than any other artist. She has made an appreciable fortune from them, and also from those small bronze figures of Scotties which are to be seen in shops on the avenues—she models most of these and they sell rapidly (one dealer now wires his to a table because people had been carrying them off). Perhaps the artist's best-known work, however, is the etching of two police dogs on a snowy hilltop, a piece which is becoming one of those standard dog studies everybody buys.

Miss Kirmse is English and came here fourteen years ago to visit, but remained to work. She was a professional harpist, but found it hard going, playing in churches and giving lessons for small amounts. Between whiles she spent much time at the Central Park and Bronx Zoos sketching animals, but her own Scotties—she has always owned one or two even in hard times—were her favorite models. Her first studies of them caught the popularity of this breed at its highest in New York. Now she brings out a new series of half a dozen etchings twice a year and they sell out almost at once. The only complete collection of her etchings besides the one she owns is that of the Governor of Massachusetts. The Queen of England saw, admired, and bought one of a series.

The etcher works long and late at her studio in town but spends her weekends playing with dogs on her farm at Bridgewater, Connecticut, where she is known to the neighbors as Mrs. George W. Cole. The place is overrun with Irish terriers and Airedales and, principally, Scotties. In one corner of the grounds a marble tombstone marks the grave of Heath, a female Scottish terrier who, in her day, was the readiest of all Miss Kirmse's pets to split a biscuit with her mistress or sit for a profile.

Encounter

OUR Mr. Whalen, accompanied by a civilian aide or friend, was coming down the steps of a squalid tenement in Bleecker Street, having gone there personally to assist in some Italian murder or something, when a police captain drove madly up in an automobile. He spoke crisply to the Commissioner and his friend. "You men live here?" We have been unable to learn whether this captain is one of those "broken" or not.

"Ta, ta, Bacardi!"

Ex-Governor

EARLY one morning a woman who occupies the penthouse of a building in Riverside Drive was having breakfast in bed, without a thought in her mind of Coolidge or Congress or politics of any sort, when she heard a scuffling of feet on the roof. Rising and peering out a window she saw Alfred E. Smith, the

Democrat, walking about. It was a small, sharp thrill for the lady, for she hadn't been thinking of Smith either. The ex-Governor was there, it developed, to look at a second penthouse on the roof, with the idea of living in it. He didn't lease it because it had thirteen rooms—too many. As announced last week, he will live at Twelfth Street and Fifth Avenue in a somewhat smaller apartment.

Since he retired from office, the Governor has kept his plans much to himself. He had little to say when he moved into his new offices at 331 Madison Avenue last week. As a matter of fact, they are really not new offices. He has quietly used them for the past five years, without many persons knowing it. Among the eleven boxes of impedimenta which he brought down with him from Albany were the swivel chair he used up there, an Irish shillalah, a small Jewish charm which he keeps on his desk, and a favorite cuspidor.

He has had many offers since he was defeated for the presidency, one of them a chair of government at a big eastern university. The chair was to be endowed by a certain wealthy man on the condition that the Governor be the first to occupy it. Mr. Smith refused the honor. Many of those who have approached him wanted him to write articles for publication. Several national magazines asked him to name his own price. However, he is restricting his literary work at this time to a book to be called "Let's Look at the Record." This is partially completed, and has already been contracted for by a publisher who, they say, will pay the author a considerable flat sum in addition to royalties.

"May I see you alone, please?"

• •

A Pair of Holbeins

MR. HENRY GOLDMAN, the banker, for many years acquired paintings with meticulous care until he possessed one of the finest small collections in existence. During all the time he has been collecting his eyesight has been failing, and only recently he had the misfortune to become totally blind. Several months ago he came across an exquisite pair of Holbein miniatures in the gallery of Sir Joseph Duveen in Fifth Avenue, and greatly admired them. Then his blindness came and whatever intentions he may have had of purchasing them passed from his mind. Early in December another collector visited the gallery and priced the Holbeins but the dealer said they were not for sale. Mr. Goldman has them now, for on December twenty-fifth Sir Joseph sent them to him as a Christmas present.

Writing on the Wall

THE flashy electric sign which belts the Times Building was designed, built, installed, and inaugurated by Mr. Frank C. Reilly, who is responsible for most of the moving, or reading, signs along Broadway, and it is, to date, his most conspicuous achievement. It was to have been ready early on Election Night, but at six o'clock it wasn't quite finished, and the engineers sent an emissary to Mr. Ochs, the *Times*' owner, to express regrets and say that they hoped to have the thing going by eight. The message-bearer, they say, found Mr. Ochs sitting disconsolately in a chair, saddened by the trend of the returns, and not much interested in whether it started at eight or not. It did, however, get under way at that hour, and has been going strong ever since. The sign works thus:

The frame which encircles the building and on which the moving letters and words appear is controlled by a smaller rectangular affair in a room on the fourth floor. Through this the letters, made of metal, are run after being dropped in proper order down a chute. Each letter, as it moves along, passes over myriad metal brushes which are connected with the bulbs on the outside of the building. About fifteen thousand wires make the connections between the brushes and the bulbs. The latter light up for only one forty-second of a second. Special lamps are required for the purpose, as a lingering glow would blur the words. The machinery which runs the things makes a terrific, clacking noise.

About eighteen years ago, Mr. Reilly was an electrician with a street-railway system. He had been working on trick devices in his spare time, and finally went in the sign business. He designed most of those which show ginger-ale flowing out of a bottle, or tooth-paste oozing from a

tube. Being on Broadway so much he established a considerable connection with the theatre. He has written sketches for musical comedies with more or less success and has dabbled in producing plays, among his ventures being "Pickwick" and the recent "A Play Without a Name." He works in a big, confused office near Times Square with a collection of autographed photographs about the walls. Right over his desk, in honor position, are pictures of Al Smith, John McCormack, the Prince of Wales, and Father Duffy. He has invented a new type of wrench which simplifies the assembling of automobiles in factories. He keeps a number of these in a drawer, shiny and new, and presents them to callers.

Service

TWO things happened in the bookstores this week which we think worthy of setting down. A man, a modest collector who likes to get all the editions of books he is interested in, inquired for a certain novel in Scribner's. "Oh," said the young lady, "we wouldn't have that; you'd have to go to a drugstore."

At a smaller shop a West Point cadet inquired for "The Case of Sergeant Grischa." "All out," said the storekeeper. "Give you Sergeant York, though."

In the Book

A FELLOW who had spent much time alone began to investigate the telephone book, and made several interesting discoveries. He found that not only are Athos, Aramis, and Porthos listed in the directory, but that Alexander Dumas is there himself. Investigation, however, led to disappointment. The names of the Three Musketeers merely designate separate entrances to an apartment house in the Bronx, and Mr. Dumas is prosaically in the insurance business, unaware, probably, that the Musketeers are in the book with him.

A major find was the fine lot of Winterbottoms on page 1598, all in the undertaking business or some calling allied to it. Carleton, Jas. E., and J., and Jim, and the other Winterbottoms occupy most of a column. There are even more Santinis in one line of work, the moving-van and storage-warehouse business — thirty-nine of the family in all being listed.

More names begin with "Sch" than with any other three-letter group—about thirteen hundred; the president of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, the Mr. Smith who was devilling Mr. John Roach Straton sometime back, is listed as "Smith Chas atheist;" there is a man actually named Butinsky; there is a Mr. Valentine Kiss.

It seems that the phone company never questions any name or symbol which a subscriber wishes to use. It wasn't even curious when the Messrs. Zzyn and Zzyz assumed those names in order to be last in the book—the history of that was that Mr. Nicholas Putnam took the name Zzyn to be last and *was* last until Mr. Lewis Browne won, with Zzyz, the distinction, such as it is. In the same manner the Hotel Majestic is listed first—it prefixes A A A to the name. Anyone may use any title with his name which

"You do give such perfect parties, Alice. Is there anyone here you'd like to meet?"

he likes, without showing his right to it. Recently there was a protest against women being allowed to append R. N. (registered nurse) without investigation, but the telephone company disclaimed responsibility for right and wrong in such matters.

WHILE gleaning the foregoing, we were reminded of a secret we came upon a year or two ago which was carefully kept by quite a group of people with a sense of humor; and since Orbal See has passed from the telephone directory, it can be revealed. Orbal See was the nom de telephone for one Mr. Wood Cowan, an artist. Mr. Cowan went to the phone company's offices one day several years ago to see about getting his phone service restored. He had gone out of town and had subleased his apartment, phone and all, to a man who ran up a big long-distance bill and didn't pay it. The phone company refused to restore service until this account was settled—at least the man to whom Mr. Cowan first talked refused. But as he moved away from the counter another clerk approached him and asked him what he wished. "I wish a phone," said the latter, crossly. "What is your name?" asked the clerk. "What?" said Mr. Cowan, who hadn't heard. "I must have your name," said the man. "Oh, I see," said Cowan. "O. I. See," repeated the clerk, "and what is your first name, Mr. See?" Mr. Cowan was surprised, not to say taken aback, but it seemed as if he were going to get a phone, and he tried to think up a first name for See but had difficulty thinking of one beginning with "O." He invented one, "Orbal," and Orbal See he became, for under that name he got his phone service restored, in a sort of epic of confusion, and under that name his friends phoned him during the life of at least three directories.

Notes for a Ludwig

PRESUMABLY the biographers will get round, before long, to John Wanamaker. (We feel safe in assuming that about anybody.) In addition to the facts that Mr. Wanamaker himself always wrote the little pieces which appeared over his name in his advertisements, never took a drink, never went to the theatre, and never smoked, we can offer one further item of Wanamakiana. Just this: Although Mr. Wanamaker was sternly sober and a total abstainer, he had a nice old servant who wasn't. In his odd moments, the good servitor, named Oscar tippled freely and well, but so innocent was his employer in this matter that he never suspected it. One day Mr. Wanamaker was seated pleasantly before the fire, thinking about life and abstinence, when Oscar entered the room, bearing a glass of milk for the master. The several people present immediately saw that Oscar's physical condition was perilous; their first concern was whether he would be able to make the long journey over to the fireplace, and their second concern was to know what the old man would say. Oscar progressed, grimly, in a grapevine course to his master's side, handed him the milk, and collapsed on the floor.

"Dear, dear," said Mr. Wanamaker, distressed, "it's awfully hot in this room for poor Oscar."

Dancing Days

BRYANT HALL, the old brick building in Sixth Avenue opposite Bryant Park, is a landmark, and it has its rewards for the visitor who ventures through its high old swinging doors. It contains one ballroom and four assembly halls, which are used for such things as theatrical rehearsals, union dances, and Slovak weddings. The dance-routine people patronize it a great deal, and almost any time of the day or night the thumping of half a dozen pianos and the noise of shuffling feet may be heard on one or all of its three upper floors. The place has lost caste in the present century, but in the seventies and eighties it was the scene of balls of glamour. The building was put up shortly after the Civil War and was known as Lyric Hall. A gentleman named Trenov conducted a polite dancing school there, and literary societies met quietly in one or another of the rooms. In changing hands a number of times (Horn & Hardart have it now on a long-term lease), the building was thrown open finally to a welter of activities, and such bodies as the Republican County Committee were granted space for their deliberations, while axe-handle makers and the like chose one of the halls for their annual dances. Sometimes bedlam reigns. We go in occasionally, at a quiet hour, for rest and meditation. An old wall mirror is just inside the door, and wide stairs with worn treads lead abruptly upward to the first assembly floor. A man sits in a cage at the head of the stairs, regarding everyone with suspicion, for men who get chilly sitting in Bryant Park try sometimes to slip by. A big sign forbids loitering and a blackboard proclaims where rehearsals are being held—most of the producers in town use the hall. If you can get past the guard into the front room of the second floor, you will find an old barroom, with its abandoned dark-wood bar. It hasn't been used for years except by spiders, and is a sad place. Placards and programs of forgotten events may be picked up here and there, such as one we found announcing the annual reception of the Spaulding Literary Union, Friday evening, April 6, 1888, tickets one dollar. Wandering into the gloom of one of the unoccupied flag-draped ballrooms, you may have a vision of a heyday sixty years ago when people moved smartly about in the figures of the lancers. Then from somewhere above someone yells at Joe to give 'em the music, a piano starts playing, and a line of unseen chorus girls begins to stomp.

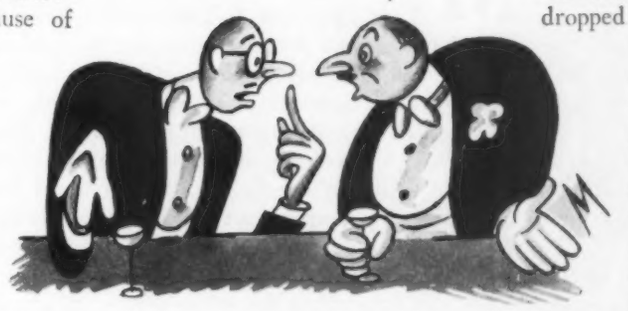
Time o' Day

ONE of the wits of the town dialed Meridian 1212 on New Year's Eve and when the connection was made he spoke first. "The time is eleven twenty-six," he said, thinking to confound the young lady. Crisply and promptly she responded, "Your watch is one half minute slow." We report this as a bit of color.

—THE NEW YORKERS

COMMISSIONER WHALEN SUSPENDS ONE OF THE DEPARTMENT'S OLDEST POLICE HORSES

PHILIP WEDGE



TO the friends of Philip Wedge, his gradual withdrawal from human society was the cause of some wonderment. Most of them were bothered less by his having renounced the world than by their not knowing why. One explanation was that he had taken up with a woman. A few people said money had something to do with it.

Both explanations were absurd. I knew Wedge well, and got wind of some of the little matters that eventually drove him into a kind of retirement. For one thing, he had a curious feeling in regard to his nose, being often troubled with the suspicion that there was a black smudge on the side of it. This suspicion was usually groundless, but used to attack him suddenly, unsettling him and causing him embarrassment and physical discomfort. I have seen him, dining with a large company, twist quickly in his chair and point questioningly at his nose. Assured by the person next to him that the nose was spotless, he would remain uneasy and would close first one eye, then the other, in an attempt to peer downward and sideways at the suspected member. After almost throwing his eyeballs out of their sockets, he would dip his napkin fiercely in a tumbler and dab hard at his nose, reddening it and surprising the whole company.

That was only one thing that troubled him. He was also subject to the suspicion that he had feathers on his back. One of a group of persons in a drawing-room, he would without warning throw his right hand desperately over his left shoulder, and flick at his back, in real terror. This feeling was not without some basis in fact, for at one time the pillow in his bed had developed a leak and for a period of about a week he had found feathers here and there on his person. The pillow had been discarded, of course, but he seemed unable to forget the feathers, and never could believe he was quite without them.

WEDGE had difficulty keeping appointments—a failing which further explains his reclusion. He was at heart a romantic fellow and had built up a strange myth about the telephone: he could not bear to think of its ringing when he was not there to answer it, lest the message be one which might change the whole course of his life. His modest apartment was on the fourth floor, and he once told me that he never left it—to keep a date or for any other reason—but that he felt, after shutting the door, that the phone was ringing. Sometimes the suspicion did not take hold of him until he was down three flights of stairs, when he would turn and spring like a goat back up the stairs, fumble madly with his key, and burst into the room to find all quiet. Often this furious ascent would so derange his clothes that he would have to make a complete change, and once or twice, he confided, it had so exhausted him that he had to lie down.

I can't help thinking that Wedge's pet turtle had something to do with his taking the veil. He kept the little beast in an old photograph-developer pan, and fed it bits of beef which he brought from restaurants as often as he remembered to. Unfortunately, he had never devised a satisfactory method of carrying the morsels home, but almost invariably wrapped them in his handkerchief when he thought no one was looking, and replaced the handkerchief in his hip-pocket. This would have been a decent enough expedient had Wedge always gone directly home from the restaurant, but frequently he was diverted, and I happen to know of several occasions when he pulled out his handkerchief—in the lobby of a theatre, in a club, in a cab—and out dropped beef on the floor. Rather than admit to owning a turtle, Wedge preferred to let the matter stand without any explanation; but it unnerved him, and people never understood.

HE was a nervous person, anyway. I recall (now that I'm thinking about these things) a day, probably three years ago, when he and I were walking together down Sixth Avenue. As we passed a letter-box, Wedge dropped a letter in—a slight incident which I thought nothing of until, a block later, Wedge suddenly turned and darted back along the sidewalk, twisting and turning and looking from the rear very like a madman. When he reached the letter-box, he seized the slot and jiggled it viciously a dozen times, glancing in finally to see that it was empty. When he joined me again he seemed tired and spent. He told me, in a jerky, shy manner, that he frequently was bothered by the fear that his letter had not been properly posted, and found it necessary to rush back and make sure that it had dropped all the way down into the box.

I shall not call up all Wedge's peculiarities; yet I can hardly omit mention of his phobia about oranges and grapefruit. He delighted in the taste of citrus fruits, and preferred to eat them with a spoon rather than drink the juice; yet I know for a fact that he could not get halfway through an orange without imagining that he had swallowed a pit. The moment this thought took hold of him, he laid down his spoon and puckered his throat into a bad knot, trying to reclaim the imaginary object from his esophagus. This set him against oranges and disturbed his digestion. When other persons were present at table, their astonishment increased his agony.

FOR all the absurdity of these fears, I suspect Wedge would still not have isolated himself from society had it not been for another peculiarity of his—which I shall explain as delicately as I can. (He told me the main facts himself, so I am not guessing.) At various times in his life, Wedge had courted ladies, with rather a positive grace for so excitable a man. And of course, in going about, he had had occasion to kiss many of them—which he managed with more amiability than passion. By dint of confining his affectionate regard to one lady at a time, and to none very long, he managed to come through his affairs with no very great remorse or embarrassment. Shortly before his renunciation of society, he was kissing a fine woman in a perfectly creditable manner when (possibly as a result of a phrase he had read some-

where and remembered) the suspicion overcame him that his consort had opened her eyes, in the midst of the kiss, and was calmly regarding him. There was no way definitely to confirm or disprove the suspicion, for Wedge felt that he was ethically unwarranted in opening his own eyes, as well as biologically incapable of it. Therefore, the suspicion remained to trouble him and make all further companionship with the opposite sex unthinkable.

He now lives quietly with his turtle. By divorcing his friends he has probably added to his tranquillity; and I suspect he hasn't changed much but still goes about dabbing his nose, whacking feathers from his back, rushing upstairs to a silent and scornful telephone, jiggling letter-boxes, choking over his orange, and pulling from his hip-pocket a handkerchief from which falls a little morsel of beef. I rather liked him. —E. B. W.

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ATTRACT WILD DUCKS AND FISH—*Adv. in the Sportsman.*

We'd have to think that over.

APARTMENT HOTEL

MR. and Mrs. Morrison lived in an apartment hotel in the East Thirties. They had moved there from an apartment hotel in the East Twenties that had been torn down to make an office building.

Although the dining-room opened at seven and closed at nine, they made it a rule to breakfast at eight. Their table was in a corner by the window and was distinguished from the other tables by a fern in an etched silver bowl. It was Mrs. Morrison's fern and Mrs. Morrison's bowl.

Sometimes she brought down a few fresh flowers and took the fern up to their sitting-room. She said she wanted to give it a breath of fresh air.

The sitting-room was full of personal touches. Even if Mrs. Morrison did live in a hotel she believed in trying to make it homelike.

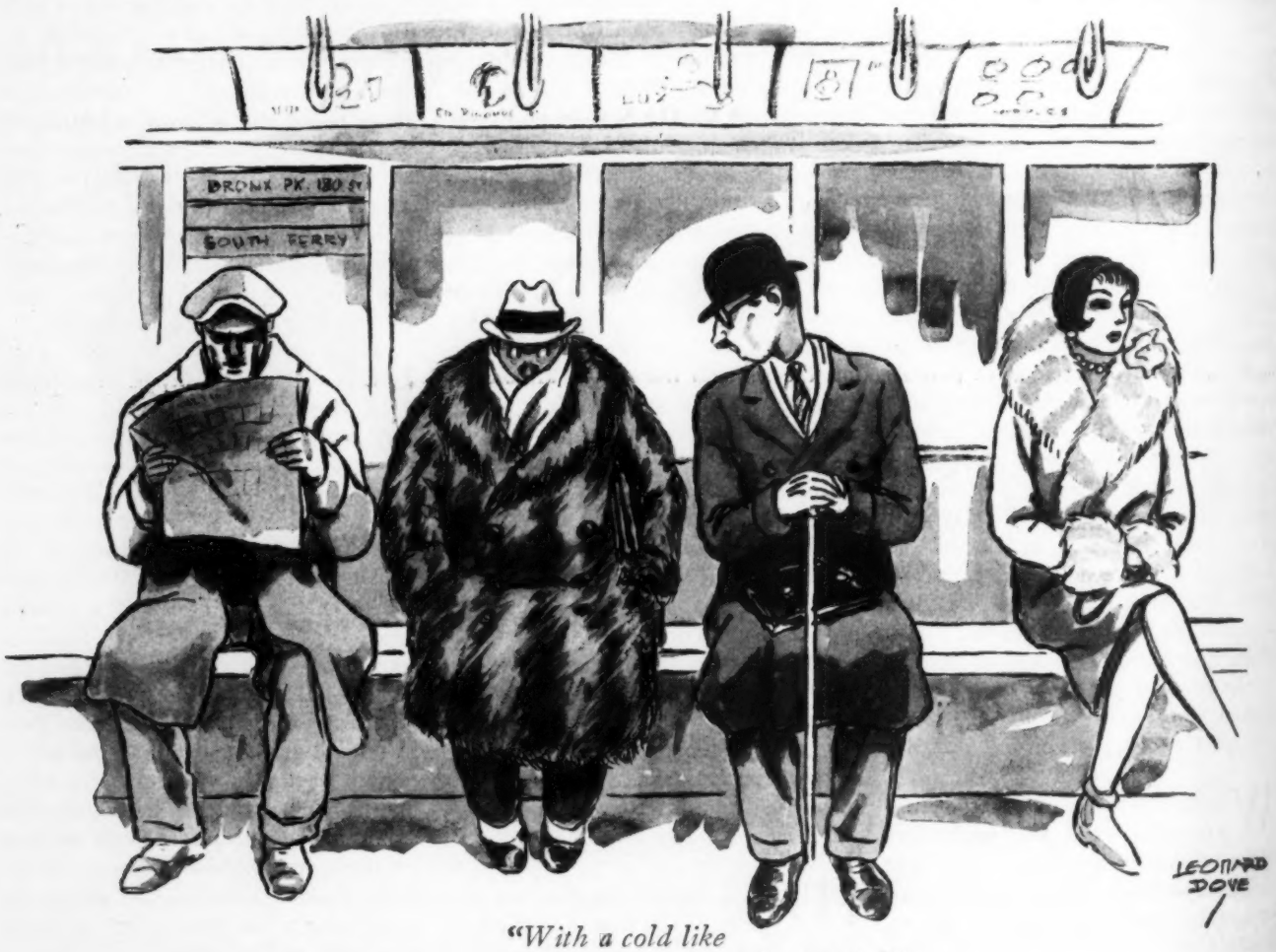
The hotel management had provided the dark blue carpet and the dark blue draperies with tan fringe, but Mrs. Morrison had done wonders with them. The room was filled with useless little ornaments left over from the days when they had kept house.

Mrs. Morrison couldn't remember exactly when they had decided not to keep house. After the baby had died, the house in Twenty-second Street in Chelsea had seemed too big for them, and Mr. Morrison had suggested that they live in a hotel for the winter. He thought it might brighten her up a bit.

They had been living in hotels for thirty years now.

In the evenings they played two-handed rummy, or Mr. Morrison read aloud while Mrs. Morrison sewed. She had never been a slave to a book. Sometimes the manager of the hotel would drop in to see if they were comfortable. They always were.

After Mr. Morrison left for his office in the mornings, Mrs. Morrison usually dropped in at Dennison's to work for a bit on the parchment shade she was making, or ran up to McCreery's to do a bit of shopping and perhaps to buy the new book of crocheted-work patterns. Sometimes



"With a cold like that you ought to be careful."

in the afternoons a friend or two dropped in and Mrs. Morrison ordered hot water and toast and made tea in her own tea set.

At four, Mr. Morrison came home and they took a little walk before dinner. Mr. Morrison said he liked to work up an appetite.

ONE morning Mrs. Morrison finished her parchment shade. She could hardly believe it, as it was rather an elaborate shade. But she wrapped it in tissue paper and put her name on it and said she would call for it the next day. She didn't like to be seen carrying a parcel. She was like her mother that way. And as it was only half past eleven, she decided she would run up to Maillard's for lunch. She hadn't been to their new place.

As she settled herself in the bus and got her dime out, she planned what she would eat. She had just decided on a chicken patty with mushrooms and something a little sticky for dessert, when she noticed the young girl in the seat in front of her. She seemed very nervous. Every time the bus stopped, she squirmed about and tapped her fingers on the window sill, and several times, Mrs. Morrison thought, she was going to run out of the door.

At Thirty-fourth Street, a young man got on, and slid into the seat beside the girl. "Hello, Helpless," he said.

"Helpless is a kind name for it," she said.

"There's a shorter and uglier word, but I don't know it."

"Well, if you'll tell me where we went and what we did after we left George's, I'll believe you," she said.

"We went to Tony's. And we left you in the cab with George. You were talking perfectly all right. And pretty soon the cab-driver came in and said, 'Say, Mister, them two friends of yours is down the areaway.'"

"That's a dirty lie."

"You wouldn't move for quite a while. You said you were comfortable and wanted to talk."

"Well, I'm through. When I act like that it's time to quit. I mean it. What happened then?"

"Don't you remember saying you wanted to ride to Atlantic City in a hansom cab. You were a riot. And you kept wanting to dance, only George wouldn't get up because his shirt was bulging in front."

"Well, I'm through. I mean it. It seems to me I remember some other people. Didn't one man have a banjo?"

"You asked them over, and they were terrible. You thought you could sing, and finally the girl who was with this guy got sore and left."

"I asked them over? Well, I'm through."

They were silent for a minute.

"Where are you all going tonight?" she asked.

"Nick's."

"What's the matter with Tony's?"

"Oh, he's getting to be an awful crab. He put Roy out when he started to throw that cheese."

"Where's Nick's?"

"Six-forty-three West Eleventh Street. Say, look here, Foolish, you look terrible. How about just one whiskey sour."

"For medicinal purposes only. Just one."

"That's what I said. Just one. Come on. Pull yourself together."

They got off, and Mrs. Morrison rode on to Maillard's.

WHEN Mr. Morrison came home that evening, she had her hat on. Mr. Morrison noticed that it was her new hat. "I thought we might eat out for a change," she told him. "Walk down to the old part of town and find some little place there."

"Why, yes," said Mr. Morrison. "How about the Grosvenor?"

"Someone, I forget just who it was, was telling me of a little place in Eleventh Street. I think she said it was an Italian place."

"Good," said Mr. Morrison heartily. "I haven't had any spaghetti for a long time."

THE Eleventh Street house had a brownstone front, not unlike the house Mr. and Mrs. Morrison had lived in. There was no sign in front of it.

"Ring the bell, anyway," said Mrs. Morrison. "A great many places don't have signs. Tiffany's, for instance."

Mr. Morrison rang the bell.

A dark gentleman opened the door.

"What you want?" he asked.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Morrison. "But we heard that this place was a restaurant."

"You got a card?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Morrison. He handed the dark gentleman a card. It said "Harold Lamson Morrison" on it.

"You got the wrong place." The dark gentleman closed the door.

"Looks as though you had the wrong address, Mother," Mr. Morrison said. They turned back toward Fifth Avenue, and took the bus home.

It was just fifteen minutes before closing time when they entered the dining-room. The headwaiter showed them to their table. He knew they were late.

They studied the menu.

"I'll have the regular dinner, Harry," said Mrs. Morrison.

"Two regular dinners," Mr. Morrison told the waiter.

As Mrs. Morrison waited for her consommé vermicelli, she leaned over and picked a dead leaf from the fern in the etched silver bowl.

—SALLY BENSON

"Don't be so sensitive, Henry—break *your egg!"*

•

North Dakota had at least two fine pharmacists present at the Minnesota meeting—namely, President Glen Cook of Fargo, John H. Vold of Grand Forks, and Carl Odney of Jamestown.—*Northwestern Druggist.*

Puzzle: find the lousy pharmacist.

WINTER AFTERNOON

Outside, the neat precision of the snow!
Within, chiaroscuro! How you are able
To set a mood with the silver of your table,
The daffodils' reluctances, the slow
Spill of the fire! They are said—the tales we know.
I, critic-wise, have given each book its label,
You have spun out your pretty little fable,
We, lover and lover—now softly foe and foe.

And presently I'll rise and stretch myself,
Making some comment on the winter weather,
And you, your silkiest and tea-time self,
Will chant the charming time we've had together. . . .
And hate will curl between us and will snake
Our hearts too modern and too wise to break.

—FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

• •

OF ALL THINGS

MANY guesses have been made as to why Hoover changed his plans and hurried back to Washington. Maybe he just came home to get his honorary degree from the Electoral College.

•

The President Apparent gets a great many free suggestions from amateur and semiprofessional cabinetmakers. Our suspicion is that Hoover wants advice about as much as Byrd wants ice.

•

Scientists now think the earth is fully a billion years old—double the former estimate. This is pretty old, so probably what ails it is second childhood.

•

Poincaré may accept a 1914 invitation to visit the United States. If so, our accomplished mayor would have to help him fix up an alibi for coming so late.

•

According to the latest figures, Park Avenue has two thousand millionaires in three miles—which comes to one every eight feet. If laid end to end they would reach a long way but look funny.

•

The prize-winning Chester P. Mills has received practically no rahs from his fellow drys. By this time he must feel like Riegels of California, who made that magnificent run in the wrong direction.

•

The American Academy of Arts and Letters will give a medal for good diction in radio announcing. When the Academicians get their way, announcers will speak correct English and joke-makers will beg their bread from door to door.

•

Dr. Logan Clendening has said in *Plain Talk* that it is almost impossible for a fat man to reduce his weight by diet. There is a divinity which ends our shapes—

•

Professor Burges Johnson complains that all the old cusswords have lost their kick and no good new profanity has been discovered. We refuse to despair, however, until the marines get home from Nicaragua.

•

As a result of his costly investigation, Durant is convinced that the bootlegger must go, but he doesn't say where. From what we hear the bootlegger will gladly go wherever summoned by telephone.

•

An inquiry by the *World* shows that, despite a widespread superstition to the contrary, drug stores still sell more drugs than anything else. This would explain the funny way the sandwiches taste.

•

A woman sheriff in Kansas released her prisoners for the holidays and among the culprits was a man who, the *Times* says, was "charged with resisting an officer and intoxication." We hadn't realized that resisting intoxication was a crime in Kansas.

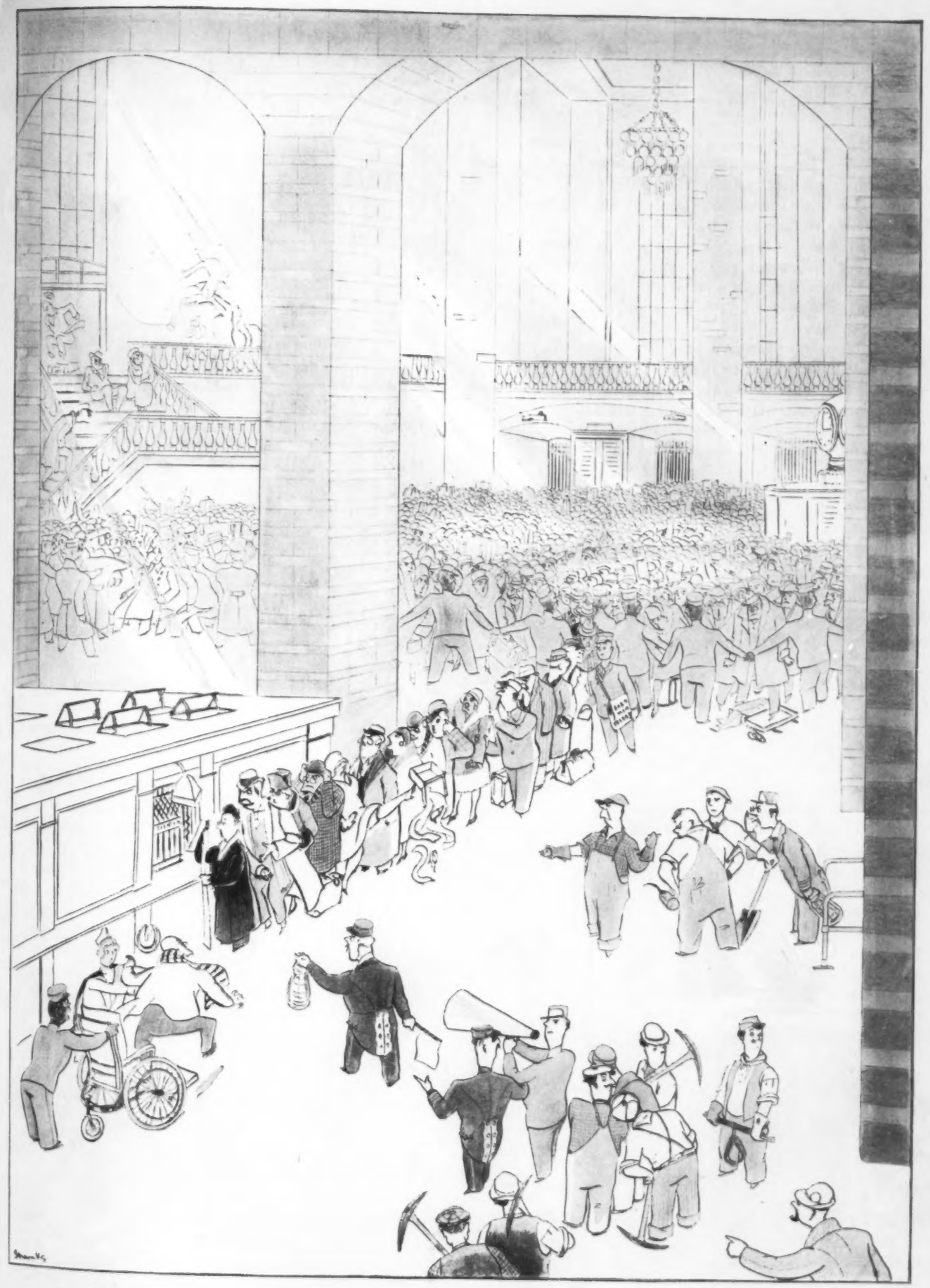
—HOWARD BRUBAKER

• •

State police are working to solve the robberies in Clarksburg and they already have a clue, the finding of an abandoned Nash sedan at Michael's filling station. Fountain pens were included in the loot taken from the James and Law Store, and had the officers found any pens in the abandoned car they say they would have been virtually certain that the auto was used by the thieves.—*Clarksburg (W. Va.) Telegram.*

With that sixth sense that policemen have.

OUR DISTINGUISHED DOORMEN
"Reuben's—That's All"



THE MAN WHO ALWAYS READS EVERYTHING OVER CAREFULLY BEFORE BUYING, GETS AN EXCURSION TICKET TO THE COAST

METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

IT TAKES ALL KINDS
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS

THERE is, for instance, The Undergraduate.
When he comes home on a vacation
He is monarch of all he surveys,
And beside his expressions of opinion on art, love, and similar vitalities
H. L. Mencken is crying in a wilderness.
He cannot understand why his mother asks to dinner
Men whose evening clothes are palpably two seasons old.
He helps himself to his father's cigars with the abandon of a butler.
He meditates complacently on Job when he must escort a younger cousin to a Junior dance,
And the patronage which he bestows on his brother over whom he has but two years' advantage
Is as lofty and beautiful as that of Maecenas.
The family florist bill mounts considerably during his sojourn,
And the ticket agency's statement looks like a fragment of the national debt.
He laughs heartily when mothers in Greenwich and Scarsdale invite him for a weekend of winter sports,
And he does not want to meet any girls whatsoever whose immediate social past has not proven them sure-fire.
He is goodnaturedly tolerant of the Christmas ties, handkerchiefs, mufflers, etc., from well-meaning elders
Whilst pitying their lack of perspicacity in not giving him slightly more than the equivalent in cash.
His biggest kicks come from being taken for older than he is
And from crashing parties to which he has not been invited.
He resents bitterly his father's refusal to lend him an evening overcoat
And the station-wagon as a vehicle for his best girl is on a par with a tumbrel.
He orders artichokes in restaurants to show his sophistication.
He will gladly accept an invitation to a smart matinée
Provided there are no younger guests to detract from his status as a man of the world.
He speaks scornfully of débutante parties at which there is only one orchestra.
Of course he has his reticences. He does not care to be asked about his marks
Or the time at which any given evening party adjourned,
And he has come to realize that the coonskin coat for which he begged so fervently last season
Is now suitable only for football games and not for city wear.
His greatest fears are that his parents may make some public demonstration of their affection for him
And that some of the other "men" may go back with spicier holiday reports than he can furnish.
A wise man once said that youth is a period through which we all must pass
In order to be made tolerable for the rest of mankind,
And he probably was right.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS. —BAIRD LEONARD

"Well, the trouble with Mary is she don't develop her mind."

PROFILES

THE GILDED COPPER

Grover Whalen

GROVER WHALEN is the name of the square-jawed, black-mustached face that swarms over the scenes of the period like the cupids in the old religious paintings. It used to be thought that the face was a bit of heraldry like the great seal of the Empire State, but it is taken from life. The recently issued *Who's Who in America* places the original on an historical basis. It finds that he was born in 1886 (in a brick tenement house owned by his father at 275 East Broadway); that his middle name is Aloysius; that he was educated in military science at Clason Point Academy, in commerce at the Westchester School of Commerce, and in law at the New York School of Law; that he became secretary to Mayor Hylan, etc., etc.

Two of the false impressions about Grover Whalen are that he has led an easy life, ferrying queens and backstroke swimmers up the bay, and that any braided cutaway and gardenia, regardless of wearer, would do as well as Mr. Whalen himself. The facts are just the contrary. The office of doorman of the Western Hemisphere is extremely difficult and exacting. Nobody else has filled it satisfactorily.

On the third of last August, for instance, the mayor's committee tried to hold a welcome without him. Bent on greeting the Brescia soccer team arriving from Rome on the S. S. Duilio, they went down the bay on the municipal welcoming ship Macom, colors all fluttering and street cleaners' band doing itself justice. They tooted at the Duilio and megaphoned that they wanted to take off the Italian athletes. The master of the Duilio trained a glass on the Macom. He saw no Grover Whalen, and holding that there was nothing in the law of nations which required him to stop for anybody else, he kept right on and nearly cut the Macom in two. When the mayor's committee tried to welcome the Graf Zeppelin without Mr. Whalen, marines struck at the committeemen's heads with short clubs.

Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities have sent their municipal majordomos here to take part in some of the receptions. In the case of Whalen, as in the case of Chaplin and other true artists, to appreciate the original it is necessary to see the imitations. The Boston man committed the folly of wearing a high hat and frock coat at the Ruth Elder welcome, whereas, not having got beyond the Azores, she rated only a soft hat and double-breasted blue-serge suit. The Chicago welcomer mortified the North American Continent by wearing pigskin gloves for a Swedish prince, while the Philadelphian was guilty of every possible crime against port decorum, doffing his hat to the wrong tune, blowing kisses when the circumstances called only for a slight wave of the hand, smirking when he should have looked solemn, and bowing from the diaphragm when he should have bowed from the hips. The State Department does not have to go about repairing international relations after Grover Whalen. He never disturbed the peace of nations by ignorance of etiquette.

WHALEN rose in the world on his etiquette, carrying John F. Hylan along with him. In 1917 Grover had a small ash-trucking business, while John ran a lower court and an elocution school in Brooklyn. When John was nominated for mayor, Grover had his Business Men's League indorse him, and they went through the campaign arm in arm.

Hylan was somewhat shy and self-conscious. He had risen from the people and still retained some of their mannerisms, but Grover had deportment enough for six. He, with his Clason Point military bearing, would drive through a crowd, his chin pointing thirty degrees higher than the regulations actually require, as he towed his candidate along in his wake. He crusaded against the badger haircut and the neck shave. Before the campaign was over Hylan was polished till he glistened. Grover made only one failure—he was unable to communicate to Hylan any feeling for spats.

Grover headed the secret Hylan steering committee. The campaign headquarters were used for show, while all momentous matters were settled elsewhere by a small group over which Grover presided. The candidate's speeches in the campaign verged on literature. Three works lay always open on the table when those speeches were being assembled. They were Lincoln's "Letters and Speeches," "The Orations of Demosthenes," and the "Editorials of Arthur Brisbane." Grover may have inherited his instinct for politics, as his father was prominent in Tammany for many years. Irish on one side, French-Canadian on the other, his ancestry may explain many of his remarkable qualities.

HYLAN was elected; Whalen became his secretary. Before the year was over, however, the Mayor began to feel that his secretary was relieving him of too much responsibility, and Grover was suddenly booted upstairs into the position of Commissioner of Plant and Structures, but the men remained bosom friends for six years. They went to Palm Beach together. Grover could get practically anything he wanted from Mayor Hylan except the heads of some of his fellow commissioners. He lauded Hylan as the greatest statesman since Lincoln. Yet there was always a vague misunderstanding between the two men. They held decidedly different opinions on the question of whether Hylan made Whalen or Whalen made Hylan.

Plant and Structures is normally an obscure and uninteresting department, but under the able and aggressive Whalen the office achieved vast importance. Seizing a scrapped street-railway line on Staten Island, reorganizing the ferries, and filling all boroughs with bus lines, he made himself the municipal Harriman. Moreover, he would have made his motley traction system pay, if it had not been

for the necessity of buying power. He became, too, a newspaper publisher, issuing a tabloid called *The Buzz of the Busy Bus*.

An insatiable craving for work and for responsibility drove him to assume more and more offices. He became chairman of the city's Board of Purchases. He raided other city departments. From the Police Commissioner he stole the whiskey-testing laboratory which had been established to obtain evidence under the Mullen-Gage Act; he made the municipal radio station one of the Hylan enterprises; he staged the city's silver-jubilee celebration, opening it with a radio oration which has not been allowed to perish. Passages of this speech are quoted in his official biography. One of its striking thoughts is the following: "This city, I say, stands not by itself, aloof, but with its towering canyon of buildings reaching to the sky."

One of Commissioner Whalen's great indoor fêtes was a Christmas party, in 1923, in celebration of Mayor Hylan's recovery from an illness. Trumpets sounded as the elevator arrived with Mayor Hylan. The municipal-ferryboat captains in full uniform came to salute. A hundred hosts and hostesses escorted the Mayor through a potted Yuletide forest. Commissioner Whalen had caused the departmental laureate to do an ode for the occasion, which was then read. Two of the lines were:

We have been like a ship without rudder;
we have missed the Captain's skill,
Though we've worked for our Mistress
the City, the while he lay greviously ill.

STARTING as a mere secretary to the mayor's reception committee, Grover forged ahead until he had the whole welcoming business in his hands. Editing the guest list at the city's parties to queens and princes, he became an international Ward McAllister. Tacitly recognized as the chief commissioner, he marched in the municipal parades twenty paces ahead of the others and only about a yard behind and to the right of Mayor Hylan.

A tremendous worker himself, Commissioner Whalen got work out of his people. He suspended six stenographers once for leaving the office five minutes before closing time on a dull day. He was usually at one or another of his offices up to 8 P.M., and frequently until midnight. Always cheerful and friendly, always helpful and obliging, he gained a legion of friends.

ONE vehement attack was made on him. Samuel Untermyer announced at one of his inquiries that he had discovered that Whalen's old trucking firm, instead of dumping its ashes down the bay, as the law requires, had dumped them in the courthouse site and whatever other public property was handiest. Further than that, the eminent counsellor found to his horror that the ashes had "set" and that it would cost half a million dollars to extricate them. Placed on the witness stand, Grover said that he did not know a thing about this, because he had given away his half-interest in the trucking firm to his partner. Asked for the record of the dissolution of the partnership, the Commissioner said there wasn't any. He testified that, happening to meet his partner on the street one day, he said, "Here, George, you take my half-interest;" his partner said, "Thank you, Grover," and that was all there was to the transaction. Mr. Untermyer was deeply hurt

at what he regarded as an unsportsmanlike way of depriving him of a scandal.

Commissioner Whalen has no talent for repartee, but he has earned a draw in most of his verbal encounters. He can make himself understood. When a former judge of the Court of Appeals tried to get subtle with him at a transit hearing, Grover called the distinguished jurist a dirty liar and a little rat. At Board of Estimate meetings, Comptroller Craig used to nag him a good deal, and several hundred times in the course of six years Commissioner Whalen came back at him quick as a flash with: "What the Comptroller says is of no consequence." Comptroller Craig had his revenge by knifing Whalen's pet project: a fifty-million-dollar bridge across the East River from Brooklyn to the doors of a friendly department store.

MAYOR HYLAN, who had certain elements of bigness in his odd makeup, took a personal pride in watching Whalen grow. He regarded Grover as a Hylan by-product. He encouraged the young man's ambition to become mayor, but he did not encourage it very specifically, for he said, "I want all my commissioners to make such records that they will all be eligible for mayor." John did not, however, wish them to be mayor until he was through being mayor, and he stuck for eight years and tried for four years more. Whalen tried to boom him for the governorship, the United States Senate, and the White House, but Hylan did nothing but freeze to his seat in the City Hall. Mischief-makers began to call Whalen "the brains of the administration," till Hylan grew a little wary of his super-commissioner. One day he intimated to the late Rodman Wanamaker that Grover Whalen would make an admirable executive for a department store.

"But I wouldn't want to take him away from you," said Mr. Wanamaker.

"Never mind me," said Mayor Hylan.

SO "this remarkable man," as his authorized biography puts it, entered "the roads of commerce." The salary was one that a man in moderate circumstances, with a family to consider, could not reject. Mr. Whalen had married Anne Dolores Kelly in 1913, and they have three children, Mary E., Grover A., and Esther Anne. After joining Wanamaker's, he moved to an apartment house at 43 Fifth Avenue. In the Whalen home is a remarkable gallery of autographed photographs and thank-you letters from hundreds of the most famous people of the time.

Less than a year after leaving the Hylan administration, Whalen began to wear a Walker button, and on Walker's election, he was again appointed to receive the distinguished guests. After Hylan had made an angry comment on "traitors," Whalen evened matters up by not inviting his old chief to the city's dinner to Lindbergh.

Mr. Whalen threw himself into mercantile life with characteristic dash. Overnight he developed a delicate judgment in oriental rugs and the furniture of twenty-three periods. Just at this time he also became business manager of the Byrd transatlantic expedition of which Rodman Wanamaker was the chief backer. His new infatuation for the House Beautiful and his new passion for flying cross-fertilized each

"Sure, it's a good show—an' they allow ya to smoke too."

•

other with singular results. The gloomy interior of the Byrd hangar blossomed out with chintz curtains, Chippendale furniture, art lamps, and turkey-red runners.

THE thing that has made Grover Whalen a household word in the chancelleries and royal palaces of Europe, however, is his welcomes. The technique and symbolism of these events are his own. One of the Whalen touches, for instance, is that of having the municipal fireboats shoot aloft seven or eight streams, as the guest rides up the bay. Those scrolls, which surprise distinguished foreigners with astonishing facts about themselves, were also unknown in pre-Whalen times. The Whalen welcomes are always perfectly managed and thumpingly successful. He has produced vast throngs for some of the world's obscurest potentates. Making the discovery that no man could proceed up Broadway at noon without finding the sidewalks packed, he took advantage of this ready-made mob of unconscious welcomers. The visitor is always brought to shore at twelve sharp. Many an honest foreigner's eyes fill with drops of tenderness and gratitude on the ride up Broadway, as he observes the vast throngs which have turned out in honor of lunch.

This device has been of great service because all of his guests have not been drawing cards like Lindbergh, Gertrude Ederle, and Queen Marie. It must be remembered that his welcomes have also been extended to a list of lesser celebrities which includes General Horatio Vasquez of San Domingo, Louis Borno of Haiti, Hassan Tagi Lader of Persia, the Lord Mayor of York, Prince Chichibu of Japan, Prince Potenziana Spada of Rome, Emir Ikahib of Syria, and George Kojac, the Ukrainian-American one-hundred-metre backstroke champion.

LAST September Mr. Whalen published a statement of the cost of his welcomes under the Walker administration. The Lindbergh bill was $71,850.87. The Byrd damage was $26,000. Levine was a bargain at $1,079, and Ruth Elder a positive economy at $333.90. The most efficient work of the committee was the reception of twenty thousand Elks for $167.50, or less than a cent an Elk. Comptroller Berry paid the charge for scrolls under protest, alleging that they were couched in bad English. The prices of scrolls fluctuated oddly. The Lindbergh one cost nine hundred dollars, or approximately three dollars a word, with no extra charge for the grammatical sentences. The Levine scroll was a sacrifice at four hundred dollars. An explanatory note intimated that the city would get the money spent on welcomes back with interest through increased prestige and business.

NOW Grover Whalen has traded his one-hundred-thousand-dollar salary for a ten-thousand-dollar one and accepted the police commissionership which Roosevelt used as a stepping-stone en route to the White House. The police will find that they have a driving executive. He will get the work out of them, and the smartest of his subordinates will have difficulty in fooling him more than once. Let the other commissioners look to their jurisdictions. Less than twenty-four hours after he was sworn in, he had seized the rights on a big Fifth Avenue fire, thrusting the Fire Commissioner out of the picture. He will probably succeed as Police Commissioner. But whether he does or not, it is confidently predicted that he will give the Fire Department, the Street Cleaning Department, and all other city departments distinguished administrations.

—ALVA JOHNSTON

•

TO A WORM

BIDING HIS TIME TILL HE SHALL HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY OF DEVOURING ME

Worm, go on and do your turning.
Be about your business. Never
Think you'll feast on me. Here's warning,
Worm, I'm going to live forever!

My body's sound and so's my soul;
I think they'll not be parting soon.
So run along and dig a hole,
Or spin yourself a new cocoon.

•

No use to lie and wait and wait.
Who knows? The trick may be reversed,
And long ere I disintegrate
Some early bird may get you first.

—JOHN OGDEN WHEDON

THE THEATRE

PERSONALITIES SINGLE, DUAL, AND BY THE GROSS

"CAPRICE," by Sil-Vara, as translated by Philip Moeller, may be any one of three things: (a) the comedy of an enchanting woman who sees her lover being snared into tardy marriage by the mother of his son, and circumvents the disaster by making the son fall in love with her, (b) the near tragedy of an illegitimate boy of sixteen taken into the house of his father and introduced to passion and despair by his father's mistress, (c) the study of a puzzled egotist torn between the love of his son and love for his mistress. One thing it certainly is, as presented at the Guild Theatre under Mr. Moeller's megaphone, namely: a complete triumph of acting and direction over material.

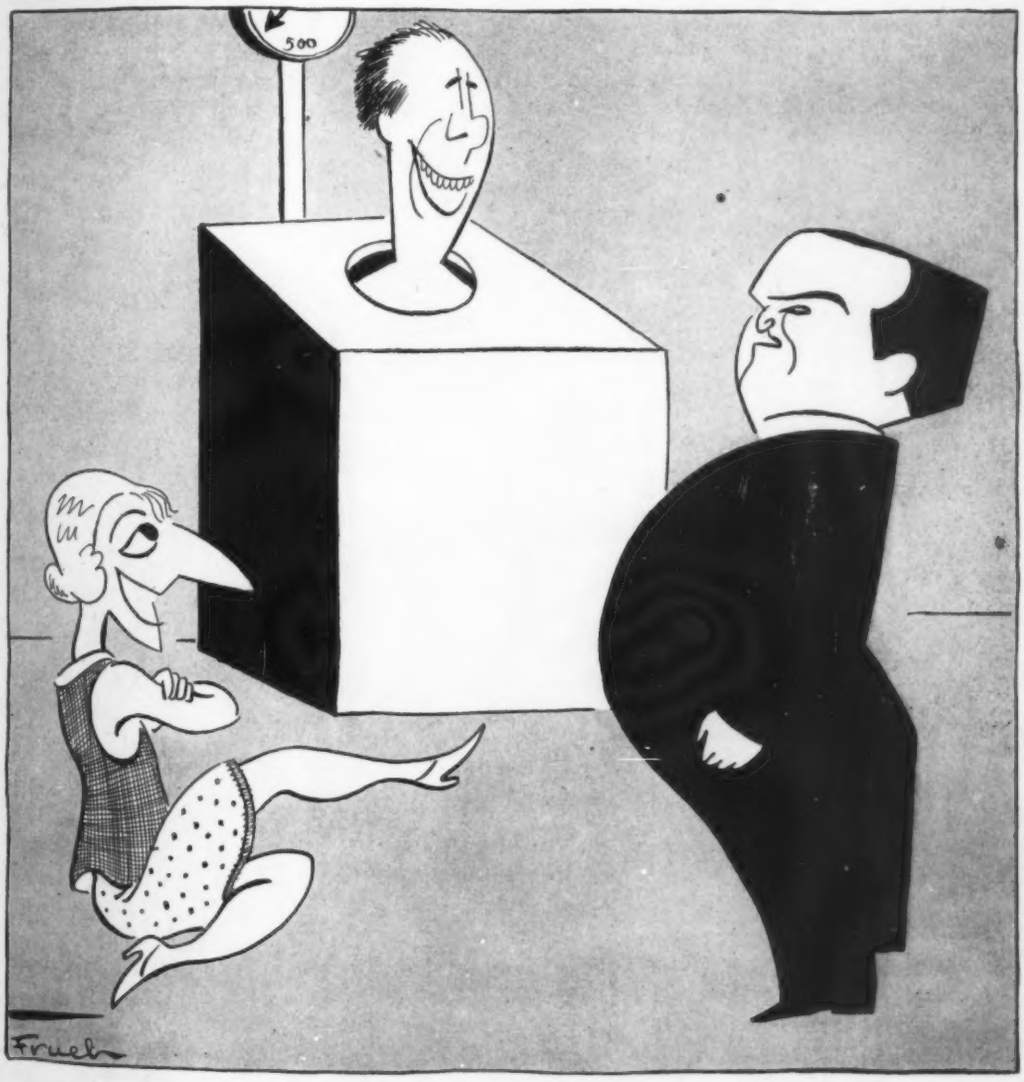
Sil-Vara would undoubtedly defend his work by saying that one could find the same fault with life, and I admit that at any given moment any gathering of people is a tangle of snarled plot possibilities. When, however, an author brings life into the theatre, it's just as well for him, unless his object is to express futility or complexity, to let the audience know what particular skein he's working on.

I think possibly a fault in the Viennese play is the fact that the boy's mother is underwritten in comparison with the other principals. She herself doesn't quite realize that she's trying to get Counsellor Von Echardt away from his Ilsa. It would be better for the slightly anemic play if it had as a menace something more substantial than a rather pathetic bore.

The important thing about the play as it stands is that it gives Lynn Fontanne, as Ilsa, the opportunity for such lovely effervescent comedy as comes into the theatre only once in a blue moon. Her performance is champagne, and caviar, and a Viennese waltz all rolled into one.

Alfred Lunt, as Counsellor Von Echardt, is so excellent that it's hard not to pass him by as an actor who just happens to be the exact type of Viennese man-of-the-world needed for the part. Yet with half a memory, one must realize that instead of a fortunate bit of casting, one has here a magnificent subjugation of personality to rôle.

Douglass Montgomery too does splendid work as the tortured, often ridiculous boy.



"HOLD EVERYTHING"

These three cut-ups help along the fun in the musical comedy about prizefighters at the Broadhurst. The happy lady, Nina Olivette; the man in black, Victor Moore; the gentleman in the whats-this, Bert Lahr

"LADY DEDLOCK," a dramatization by Paul Kester of parts of "Bleak House," at the Ambassador, allows Margaret Anglin to follow a bad example set by Madame Janauschek. It seems that Janauschek, when playing Lady

Dedlock in an earlier dramatization, also played Hortense, her maid. The nearest excuse for this in the plot is that Lady Dedlock and Hortense could swap shoes. As Miss Anglin's (very pretty) feet are certainly not an out size, she would have done better to find somebody who was comfortable in the same last.

Miss Anglin's Lady Dedlock wakens long echoes of her Helena Ritchie and her Mrs. Dane, but her Hortense, disguised in a red wig and an amazingly bad French accent, is something I prefer to forget.

The dramatization itself is not a happy one.

ANOTHER player who had a try at a dual rôle on the legitimate stage, to which he has long been a stranger, is Bert Lytell.

"Brothers," by Herbert Ashforth, at the Forty-eighth Street, found him ducking into a telephone booth as a rich young dope fiend only to pop through a barroom door as his own poor but noble brother with a celerity which convinced one that it was all done with mirrors.

Despite Mr. Lytell's brisk changes and the fact that he differentiated the two characters, which he played rather subtly (if subtlety is a word which can be used in connection with dope fiends and noble twin brothers), "Brothers" isn't good enough. It's an excursion into a past phase of the drama which one would think was well enough plastered with danger signs to keep out even producers and actors.

THESE two dual rôles bring us gracefully, if a little too gradually, to the consideration of that compact repertory company—Ruth Draper.

Never has a gluttonous New York had such an opportunity of seeing her as this year, for she is giving a season of herself at the Comedy: six nights a week and matinées Thursday and Saturday.

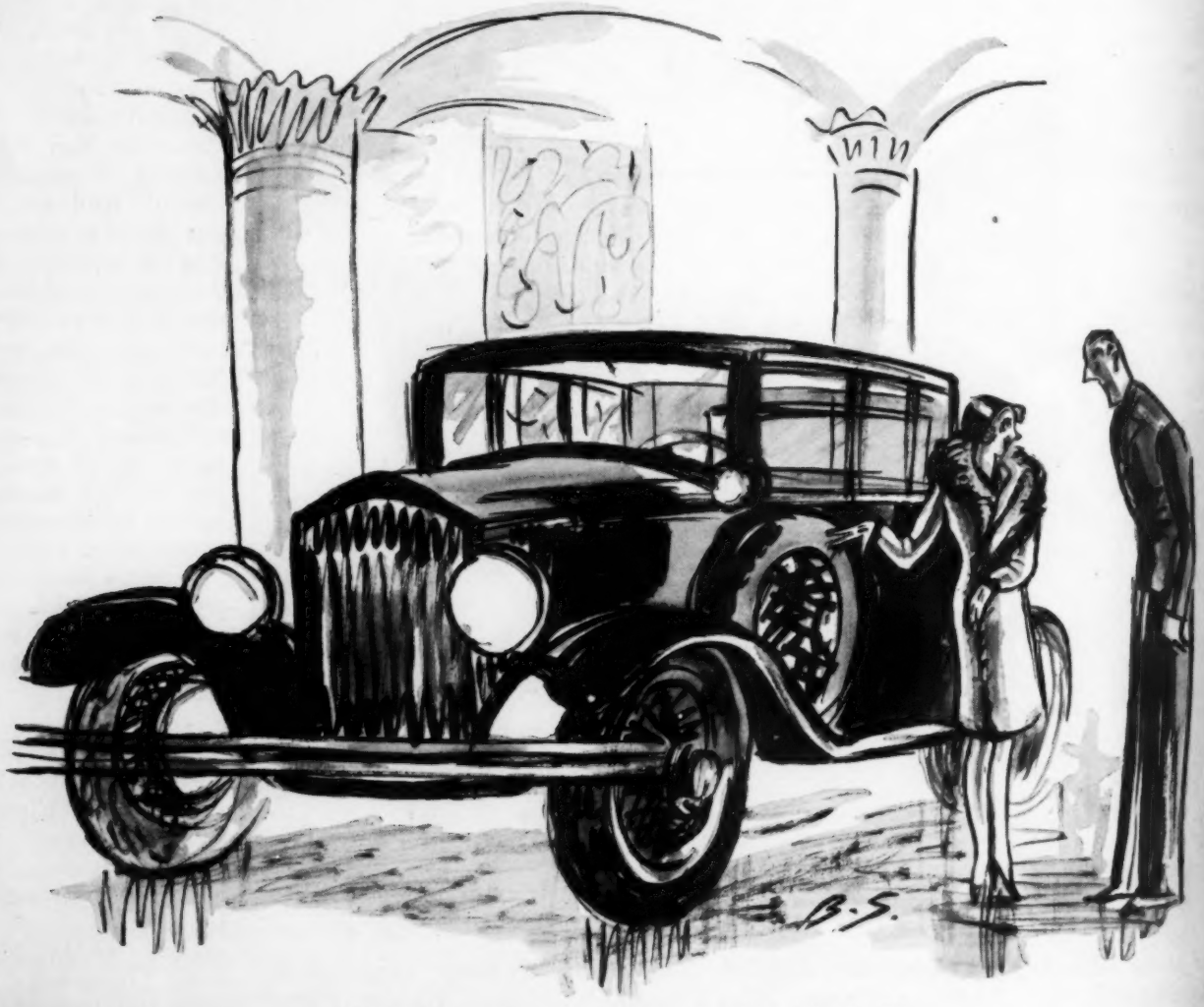
To say anything in praise of the profundity and variety of Ruth Draper's monologues nowadays makes one feel as obvious as a Fourth of July orator. Miss Draper has become a national resource, and one of the best. I can't merely advise you to go and see her. If fate is so kind as to permit it, go and see every change in her program.

I'M afraid I'm too late to do more than sound taps over the grave of "Poppa," by Bella and Samuel Spewack, at the Hudson. I liked "Poppa."

It began as a tender comedy about a Jewish girl whose impractical and unsuccessful father and good-for-nothing brother were obstacles to her marriage with rich young Mr. Rosenthal, because of young Mr. Rosenthal's snooty mother. It turned into a roaring farce of the difficulties which beset her father when he was railroaded by a ward boss into the position of alderman.

Its principal character turned out not to be Poppa at all but his bumble-footed, blundering son, whose vapidities were magnificently outlined by Harold Waldrige. To me it was funny. Probably I was wrong.

—CHARLES BRACKETT



"Could I get out of a jam easily with this?"

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He travels fast—and direct.

He avoids middlemen, picks live, clean stores, merchants who aim to serve, usually Druggists.

He supplies these merchants direct.

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This service—next to quality—is the thing that counts most with the millions of friends of

Whitman's Chocolates

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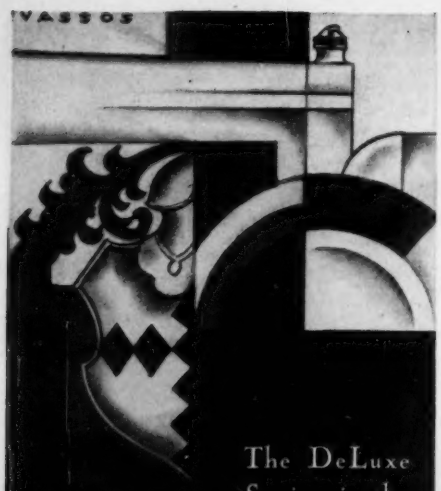

The DeLuxe Series is the latest addition to the Packard line. Its nine models have been completely endowed with all desirable motor car attributes — comfort and good taste, grace of line and charm of appointment. And its construction is Packard's greatest achievement in 29 years of building superior automobiles.

To motorists who have sought a car of surpassing excellence and distinction at less than $10,000, the Packard De Luxe Eight will appeal strongly. It is priced from $4710 to $6110 delivered in New York City.

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PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY of NEW YORK
Packard Building
Broadway at 61st Street
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PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC.
696 East Fordham Road
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Ask the man who owns ONE

CONTRACT BRIDGE

THE invitation and its rash acceptance. The doubts. The fears. The book on contract bridge. The inherent inability to understand anything done by characters named A, B, X, and Y. The wan hope that when confronted by thirteen cards you'll be able to play by inspiration. The reflection that in real life things seldom turn out that way.

The cigarette smoke. The black-covered tables. The nuts. The candies. The playing cards backed with pictures of "The Soul's Awakening." The playing cards backed with pictures of naked cherubs riding bicycles. The ten assorted females with nothing in common except a restrained loathing for the twelfth guest who is late. The silent prayer that she won't come and that they'll let you play cut-throat. The prayer that she'll bring a friend and that they'll let you play solitaire. The attempt to assert your personality by being amusing while there is still time. The two ladies who were discussing the bridge hands they held last week and are not amused. The arrival of the twelfth guest.

THE cut for partners. The chair that is so low you can barely rest your chin on the edge of the table. The glittering expert who enlivens the deal by a prophetic description of her feeling toward people who don't lead scientifically. The elderly warhorse who received the game by divine revelation from Lenz himself. The nervous lady who caps every play with appropriate quotations from the gospel according to Work. The dealer at your right who, without stopping to sort her hand, bids three spades.

The eight hearts with four honors. The three small diamonds. The ace and one other spade. The inhibition which prevents you from starting with a four bid in any suit. Your partner who bids four clubs and gets away with it.

The impulse to take her out, checked by the thought that she probably wanted clubs or she'd have kept quiet. The laying out of the dummy. The shuddering gasp. The outraged silence. The glances which fortunately cannot kill and the thought that perhaps death would be the easiest way. The two odd tricks your partner makes. The five she does not. The threefold lecture and the realization that the part of your brain where

SMOKING WRINKLES

HERE'S a brand-new wrinkle for smokers. One that jiggles up the favorite smoke to a mellow perfection you'd never expect. It's a simple wrinkle too — just the daily use of Squibb's Dental Cream— once in the morning — once at night.

Squibb's pleasantly steals away any after-taste or stodginess. More than that, it leaves a whole legion of Milk of Magnesia particles that protect you at The Danger Line. These little mites fight long after use, too, to keep your smoke appetite bracy and fresh.

Drop in any drug store and buy a tube of Squibb's Dental Cream. You'll find it's a mighty inexpensive help to all-day smoking satisfaction. 40c a generous tube.

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GUARD THE DANGER LINE

BRIGHT GARLAND

JEWELS may come, and jewels may go, but pearls—to paraphrase an old poem—go on forever. And there is good reason for this enduring favor. Women love them for their soft, deep beauty . . . for their richness . . . because, wearing pearls, they feel so fully and invulnerably *dressed*. . . .

Since earliest times the pearl has shared with the diamond the foremost place in feminine regard. And for that reason men have gone into strange lands and under tropic seas to find it. They have built up about it a complex system of valuation and appraisal. Their study of it has become an art.

It is easily to be seen, therefore, that the buying of pearls is not a matter in which the layman may engage uncounseled. He should take the most expert opinion, avail himself of the most authentic sources. . . . And it is a significant fact that for more than half a century the leading connoisseurs of this country have been accustomed to make their purchases through this house.

Strings of pearls from $115,000 *to* $200. *A distinguished collection of loose pearls from* $20,000 *to* $15. *Individual pearls of exceptional merit, in a variety of distinctive settings.*

MARCUS & COMPANY

JEWELERS

WM. ELDER MARCUS, JR. CHAPIN MARCUS

Fifth Avenue at Forty-fifth Street, New York; London; Paris; Palm Beach

© 1929

JANET VELIE
in
"Three Cheers"

THE presence of this label assures all who see it that the coat in which it appears was selected purely because of its superior excellence and not because it was offered at a reduction, a cut price or a so-called "sale."

We never hold "sales"; our prices are too low to permit reductions at any time or on any pretext, and it is well known to people of taste and discrimination that this is distinctly a Shayne policy.

C. C. SHAYNE & CO.
STRICTLY RELIABLE FURS
126 West 42nd Street

Established 1865 *Still Under Same Ownership*

your card sense should be is an airy, spacious vacuum.

The confused impression that you must always bid your strongest suit. The startling success of this method due to the fact that your partner held three top honors and three other quick tricks. The second bid made on the assumption that your partner always holds that kind of hand. The disappointment. The despair. The wild, disorganized panic. The loss of six tricks doubled and the appalling discovery that your opponents have made fourteen hundred points. The unshakable decision never to bid again.

The Christian forbearance because you are not quite normal. The Oriental detachment. The trancelike calm. The chocolates. The salted nuts. The eleven cigarettes. The feeling that if this goes on much longer you'll disintegrate mentally to the point where you won't be able to tell the diamonds from the spades.

THE command to add the scores. The collection of the tallies. The withdrawal of the hostess to check up on her guests' arithmetic. The old warhorse who can't resist mentioning a silver bonbon dish she won last Friday. The expert whose apartment is so cluttered with bridge prizes that if she were to bring home another her husband would doubtless consider it grounds for divorce. The return of the hostess with a tissue-paper package which she gives with striking lack of retributory justice to the guest who was late.

The congratulations. The admiring twitter. The large bottle of bright-purple bathsalts which you know from experience will tint bather and tub a faint harmonious violet. The false enthusiasm. The spurious gratitude. The look from the warhorse, who doesn't regret the bathsalts but would like you to know that if you'd been ordinarily bright things might have turned out differently.

The tea and sandwiches. The ices and cakes. The polite gabble and the thirteenth cigarette. The bride in rose beige whose afternoon has been rather like yours and who asks in a respectful tone what you consider the best way to learn to play really good bridge. —ALICE FRANKFORTER

•

The bride wore a gown of white taffeta with a pointed skirt filled with insects.—*Pomeroy (O.) Democrat.*

Little hymen bees?

Ah I, no! *This is neither a reduced contour of Round Lake nor an enlarged portrait of the drowsy amoeba.* ✣ *You are gazing at the great oval Chenille rug, specially designed and woven by Mohawk, over which palpitant thousands pass daily to the Delphic mysteries performed in Mr. Rothafel's temple of the cinema.* ✣ *Breathless statisticians have calculated that the number of footfalls this rug has born with equanimity would have worn depressions 1 7/16 inches deep in a block of Carrara marble.* ✣ *Your attention is invited to the active little figure due west of the centerpiece. This is Lance-Corporal Leo of the Corps of Ushers. The corporal is engaged in mining the 244th wad of chicle to be deposited in the lustrous pile by patrons of the past twelvemonth.* ✣ *Yet the rug, being a Mohawk, shows no sign of wear!*

MOHAWK RUGS & CARPETS

© 1929 MOHAWK CARPET MILLS, AMSTERDAM, NEW YORK

THAT WAS NEW YORK

NEW YORK rose to its early power as a port as the sails of ships found its natural harbor a haven, and for more than a century the bay was a forest of masts and the waterfront a vast deflated circus-tent of drying canvas.

Then Robert Fulton (or perhaps it was John Fitch; the controversy is an old one) invented the Albany night boat, using that somewhat mysterious demon, steam, which Jimmy Watt had discovered in his mother's teakettle. But men did not want to get far from shore with steam. It was all right for narrow rivers and even, eventually, for the Sound. But there were twelve years of head-shaking before anyone would chance the ocean.

It was Captain Moses Rogers, a dauntless skipper of clipper days, who finally took the fling—and the story of that first transatlantic voyage of a steamship, told in a log that is still to be found on the antiquarian's shelf, has perhaps more elements of humor than of wonder in this age when Europe is almost within commuting distance.

Rogers knew a thing or two about steam to begin with. He had aided Fulton and Colonel John Stevens in their experiments. He was even more willing than they to take chances. He saw the steamboat as something more than a ferry. But he experienced great difficulty in getting backing for the project he had planned. Ships were costly. Steam was a gamble. Finally, however, in 1818, he succeeded in persuading the Messrs. Scarborough and Isaacs, wealthy ship-owners of Savannah, Georgia, to finance his adventure.

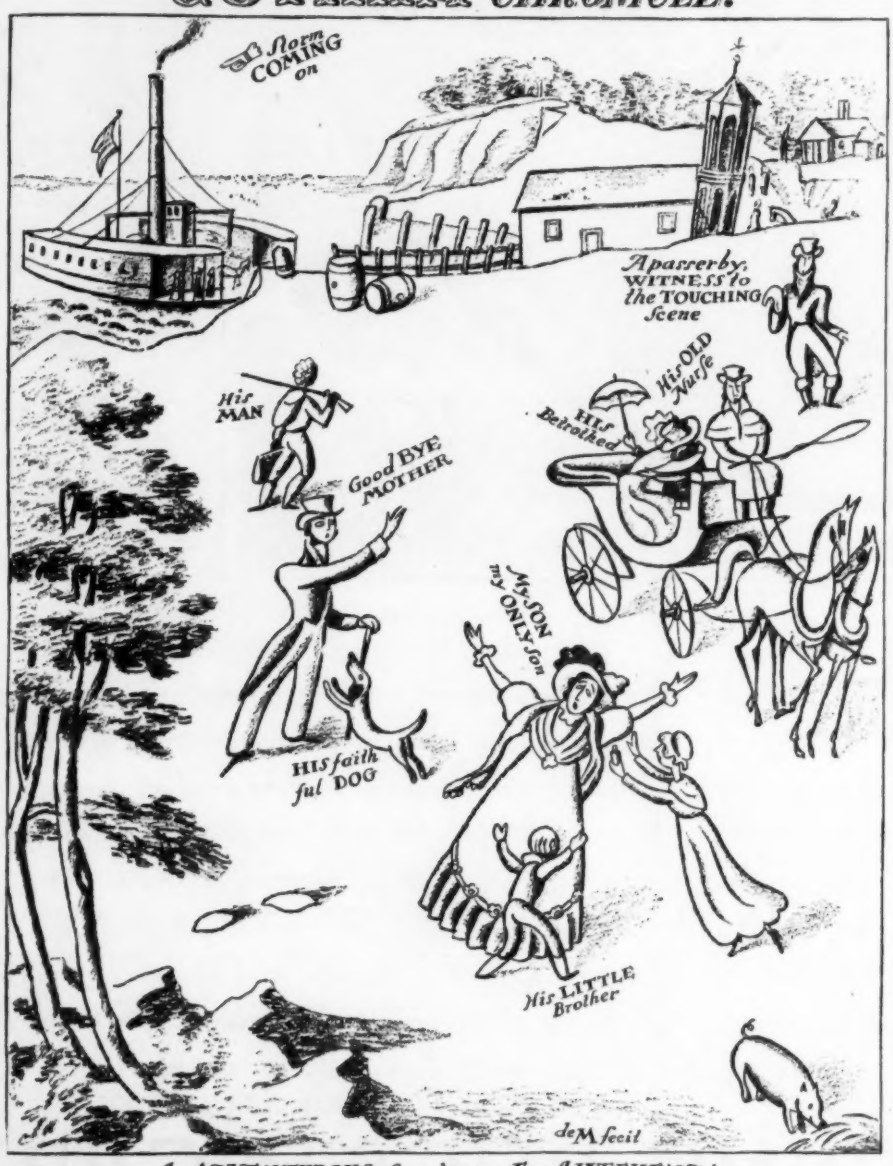
Rogers was so eager to be off that he bought, with their money, a vessel already under construction at Corlears Hook. It was to have been a sailing craft and he was glad enough to keep the masts already implanted. He put into its hull a one-cylinder engine built in his native New Jersey. He also added wrought-iron paddle-wheels, so constructed that they could be taken apart and hauled on deck in case of storm.

It was a craft of three hundred and fifty tons burthen and could almost have been lost in the dining-saloon of a modern liner. Its speed under sail was estimated at ten knots. How fast it could be driven by steam was an open question. The optimistic Captain Rogers divided it into thirty-two staterooms. In addition there were two salons, "one for the ladies and one for the gents." And, for its day, it was furnished magnificently with "imported carpets, curtains, hangings and mirrors."

It got away from New York the morning of March 29, 1819, bound for Savannah to be inspected by its owners before braving the ocean. The writer of its log says that it did not "git up steam" until eleven o'clock the next day. It arrived in the Georgia port April 6 amid much cheering. President Monroe and his Cabinet journeyed from Washington to have a look at it.

The transatlantic sailing date had been set for May 20. The Savannah didn't get away then. When the date arrived it had not booked a passenger. Newspaper advertising and every sort of ballyhoo known to the day were tried, but without success. Not a person could be found who was willing to chance the ocean with steam. Finally, its thirty-two "elegant" staterooms empty, it started off anyway.

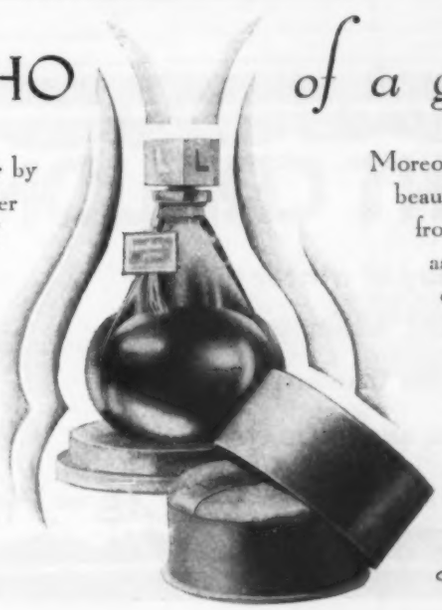
The first news of it came several days later, and indirectly. A schooner put into New York, its skipper a little upset. He blustered to the authorities that a few days before he had encountered a burning



An ADVENTUROUS *Son leaves For A* WEEKEND *in the* WILDS *of Brooklyn* (1825)

THE SILVER ECHO *of a golden perfume*

Many a lovely face will be made lovelier by this new aid to beauty . . . a Lenthéric powder fragranced with the triumphant radiance of Parfum Asphodèle . . . Technically, it is a superb powder—a beauty-creating powder . . . soft and smooth as a perfumed mist . . . so soft and smooth it seems a miracle that it can cling so cleverly and so long to a lovely cheek. Then, it *is* Asphodèle—not an inferior copy of this supreme odor. *Poudre Asphodèle* echoes sweetly, clearly, decisively the golden warmth, the tropic sweetness of Parfum *Asphodèle* . . .



Moreover, it is subtly shaded to heighten the beauty of any complexion . . . 8 shades, from cool blonde tones to dark brunette, as well as white. And as a final touch, each silvery box of Lenthéric powder holds its own soft immaculate puff. Sold for a price that is far lower than is asked for any other comparable powders.

Lenthéric, *Paris*

Parfums - FIFTH AVE. AND 58TH ST., NEW YORK
245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ, PARIS, FRANCE

EVERY Elizabeth Arden Preparation, every method of application is directly inspired by Miss Arden, is first of all perfected by her for her *own* use before she offers it to you. That is why her name has become a symbol of loveliness and confidence to ten million women.

Select the Preparations which Miss Arden has perfected for *your* skin. Use them according to her personal method. And as you *cleanse* and *tone* and *nourish* with the correct creams and tonics and lotions, you are secure in the knowledge that every Preparation, every step of the treatment has *first* been proven successful by Elizabeth Arden herself.

Come to Elizabeth Arden's Salon for a personal consultation and to be advised as to the best method of caring for your skin.

Telephone for an appointment Plaza 5847

ELIZABETH ARDEN

673 Fifth Avenue, New York

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at the smart shops everywhere

LONDON BERLIN MADRID ROME PARIS PALM BEACH

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RESTAURANT CRILLON

Even the dullest day of winter has one brilliant high light when you lunch or dine at the Restaurant Crillon.

OPEN SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS

277 PARK AVE 116 EAST 48TH ST.

ship at sea. He had sought to go to its aid but it wouldn't stop. And so after chasing it for a full day he had decided to "let the darn thing burn."

The Savannah arrived off Cork June 17 and ran into a similar experience. The captain of a British cruiser thought it afire and wouldn't be convinced it wasn't until he had sent men aboard it to see for themselves.

The next day the craft proceeded to Liverpool, its original destination. Its complete voyage had taken twenty-nine days and eleven hours. It had used steam eighty hours of the way and had depended upon sails the rest. The curious were permitted to board it in the British harbor and there were so many of them it did not get away until July 23. By that time Captain Rogers had decided to see a bit of the world and steamed on to Copenhagen and then Stockholm.

The visit to the Swedish port was eventful in at least one way. The Savannah finally succeeded in getting a passenger. Lord Lynedock, a British peer with the spirit of adventure, decided he would take the big chance. He was assigned the very best stateroom and proceeded as far as Cronstadt. Here the captain and crew debarked at the urgent request of Russian officials and were taken on to St. Petersburg, where the Czar himself fêted them.

The Savannah started back October 10 and made the return voyage without incident, arriving in Savannah November 13. It came on to New York a few days later. However, with only one fare collected, and that for its shortest jaunt, its owners could hardly consider its voyage a complete success. They decided steamships were not meant for the ocean. They ripped out the frail little engine, cast aside the paddle wheels, put on a few more sails, and sent the pioneer into the coastwise service, plying between New York and the town for which it was named. On November 5, 1821, it met a storm it could not weather and sank off Moriches, L. I. —RUSSEL CROUSE

•

WANTED—Reliable man who can furnish small blond and give references to represent old established firm.—*Kenton (O.) News Republican.*

These old established firms!

•

TRANSPORT

Isa Glenn's

new novel

is a

Borzoi

Book

Mindful of the inherent responsibility of royalty in shaping the ideals of the bourgeoisie, I am careful never to be seen in public without a Borzoi Book

Maryanna

Costume by Jenkin *Photo by Bradley*

Princess Maryanna Mayovskaya

well-known Russian noblewoman, snapped on Park Avenue, is an enthusiastic admirer of

BORZOI BOOKS

Alfred · A · Knopf · Publisher

730 Fifth Avenue, New York

Seen at Reuben's

HELEN KANE can't blame our A. M. devotees one little bit for singing "We wanna be fed by you, just you and nobody else but you". She brought it on herself! And between great hungry mouthfuls of a particularly luscious Reuben's Hot Turkey Sandwich rubily bespangled with Cranberry Jelly, this town's newest Jazz Diva enthusiastically endorsed the parody in her best "Boop-boop-a-doop" manner. And for that matter so does everybody else!

* * *

Bright young chap, WALTER WOOLF. Drops into town with his corking good "Red Robe". Establishes it firmly as a hit of grateful proportions. Then proceeds to cast about the Main Stem for old cronies. Starts *first* with Reuben's (didn't we say bright boy?)—quite late, y'know, the way of all bloods—and finds not only the glitteringest array of fellow "White-Lighters" but also the rarest, tongue-smackingest late-supper foods on God's little old green footstool!

* * *

'Smarvelous the way the gifted GERTRUDE LAWRENCE perks up an after-the-theatre crowd at Reuben's. Sort of adds a gay, effervescent brilliance to things by her inimitable sparkle and dash. And in *such* an atmosphere—which by the way, greets you at Reuben's most unfailingly—Reuben's succulent delicacies and tid bits take on added savor and tang!

REUBEN'S

Always Open: **Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre**

Madison Ave. at 59th—Broadway at 81st

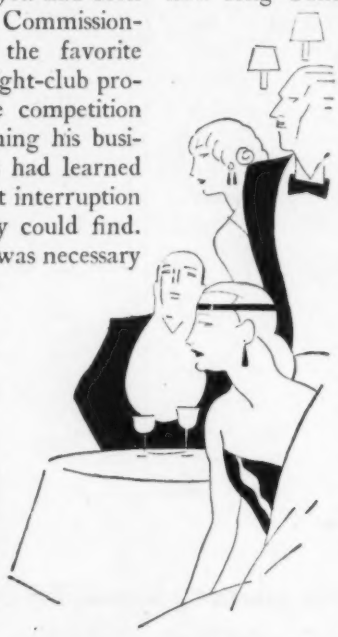
Philadelphia: 213 South Broad Street

from a sandwich to a National Institution

TABLES FOR TWO

The Roof or the Basement—Your Money's Worth of Broadway—They Can't Keep a Guinan Down

BY all this leaping about and closing of those quiet little basement places (what per cent of wood alcohol did you find that *you* had been putting away?) our new Commissioner effectually removed the favorite alibi of the unsuccessful night-club proprietor—to wit, that the competition of the speakeasy was ruining his business, since New Yorkers had learned to prefer drinking without interruption in the smokiest place they could find. The bluff being called, it was necessary for all the boys to break out with something legitimate in night-club entertainment, and this they accordingly went and did.



YOU know how first nights are. People are so busy looking at Peggy Joyce and her latest beau that they have no time to enjoy themselves. The list is so carefully prepared that you get no idea whatsoever as to the type that will be frequenters. The opening of the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic was particularly misleading, for Everybody was there. Moreover, when you find Fannie Brice and James Barton and Moran and Mack and Odette Myrtil sitting around, perfectly willing to be coaxed out to the floor for old times' sake, you imagine the situation is too glamorous to last. But at any rate, there was Paul Whiteman, eighty-seven pounds thinner, and playing old-time things like "Avalon" perfectly divinely; Eddie Cantor, being himself; chorus numbers from "Whoopee" that were designed to look well from the front but are not so good with audiences draped in a semicircle; Helen Morgan and her piano (the only permanent fixture at the time of writing); gorgeous girls wearing balloons that were exploded right and left by cigarettes; and wardrobe mistresses dressed in the clothes of their days in "The Pink Lady" and "The Merry Widow" to get you all choked up.

Never having seen the New Amsterdam Roof in the good old days—ah me!—I can make no comparisons. Urban has done a beautiful job with the walls, which are painted with an all-over garden pattern. The tables ascend in tiers from the circular dance floor, and the orchestra is set back from it in an alcove. But nobody knows how long Cantor and Whiteman are going to stay, or who is to succeed them. There is much talk of new stars and orchestras every two weeks or so, with Helen Morgan and the glorious girls as a nucleus, but nothing more definite. There is no doubt that the other stars will have to be awfully good to yank a six-dollar-and-sixty-cent couvert out of anyone except out-of-towners and people who Like to Be Seen, but I can make no predictions.

THE hotel at 10 East Sixtieth Street has gone adventurous by turning the basement of the whole place into the balcony of a fabulous palace, with dim vistas of well-kept gardens and country landscapes painted on panels around the walls. The room, called the Versailles Varieties, is very good-looking—its pillars are strips of plain and black mirrors; gold, silver, and deep crimson being its coloring otherwise. Tables ascend abruptly from the dance floor here, and are arranged in a system of boxes—decorative, but hard to get in and out of. And there is a huge stage, placed rather unfortunately on the long side of the room. At present, a short revue goes on here at eight-thirty and twelve-thirty, with the Tomson twins as the pièce de résistance; but here also many plans are being made for the future. Playlets, short musical comedies, and all types of entertainment are suggested, and if the great public flocks to its doors, it will postpone its closing hour until far into the morning. At present, it is to be recommended as a grand place to have a late dinner if you do not care to go to the theatre, and want to have fragments of the theatre brought to you.

ONCE again, I sing the praises of Clayton, Jackson, and Durante,

DECANTER AND A DOZEN GLASSES

PICTURE this graceful decanter at your elbow. Friends by the fireside. Life taking on fresh glamour, as flickering lights reflect, repeat, return—innumerable magic flames dancing in glass.

Azure, dawn, green, as you prefer. There are large or small Fostoria glasses to match the decanter. Always you have the satisfaction of knowing that Fostoria is the finest American glass made, and the welcome assurance that now you own and enjoy collectors' pieces of the future.

Decanter and a dozen glasses will cost you much less than you expect.

THIS little label indicates genuine Fostoria. Look for it whenever and wherever you buy glassware. Fostoria is sold in fine stores in New York and in all the United States. . . . Fostoria colors—azure, dawn, amber, green and topaz—are constant. That is, you can match Fostoria now or next year. . . . Fostoria dinnerware is absolutely practicable for serving hot food and is so guaranteed. . . . The Fostoria Federal and Modern designs (limited sets) are new and of special interest. . . . A Fostoria revival in the spirit of the Court of Marie Antoinette is notable for its elegance. . . . For the New Little Book About Glassware (free) address The Fostoria Glass Company, Dept. N-1, Moundsville, W. Va.

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CLUB
PLAZA

AT THE
HOTEL PLAZA

★ *ACCLAIMED the MOST CHARMING of SMART SUPPER CLUBS*

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TEA DANCES
4:15 to 6:15 p.m.

SUPPER DANCES
starting 10:30 p.m.

Music by
DICK GASPARRE
and his
PLAZA
ORCHESTRA

for RESERVATIONS
TELEPHONE PLAZA 1740
Membership Cards have been mailed to a selected list. They may also be secured upon application to the secretary of the Club Plaza.

who now appear at the Rendezvous (not Gilda Gray's, but the one in the Winter Garden Building, between Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets in Broadway). This insane trio probably gives you more entertainment for your money than any other performers in town, and is more inspired in its apparently impromptu stuff. One wan grin of encouragement, one yelp of "More!" and the three will gratefully go on for hours and hours, never repeating, never wearying. How they keep it up night after night is more than I can make out. They really are worth your going Broadway to see, for the atmosphere that radiates around them is definitely gay, definitely reckless, and has, in short, exactly the mood you ought to be in, but so seldom are, when you go out late in a festal way.

Phil Baker and his accordion, and Sid Silvers, his prime annoyance, are on view at the Little Club, that former haunt of jollity, good clean fun, and All the People Who Matter. In its present state, all the people who should have been exposed on mountain tops thirty or forty years ago cavort there almost exclusively, but the show is worth hearing.

Texas Guinan has made herself completely at home in her new quarters at the Hotel Harding, 203 West Fifty-fourth Street (she had to take something like a nineteen-year lease on the whole hotel, which is a merry laugh on somebody), which are just as crowded, rowdy, open late, and unrestrained as all her others. Miss Guinan has the formula down so pat that a change of location means less than nothing to her.

TO return to the elegantsia, who have been neglected for the last few paragraphs: The Club Lido, which attracts all the smart young dancing things, has lured Beatrice Lillie within its portals, and I am sure that to all of you whom the Lido would consider as clients, Miss Lillie needs no introduction. Moss and Fontana also opened there the same evening, but it all happened too late for this reporter to dash around and look it over personally without causing a printers' strike. The Yar restaurant, at 9 East Fifty-fourth Street, which is Russian, dim, tiny, romantic, and yet chic, has put in an infinitesimal dance floor and now remains open after the theatre for the benefit of those whose Vionnet gowns conceal throbbing and soulful hearts.

—LIPSTICK

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25 West 45th Street, New York.
Please enter my subscription to THE NEW YORKER for—
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SLOWER

but so much FINER

No one knows how diamonds were formed. A theory has been advanced that in some prehistoric era the earth was covered with a dense forest or jungle growth that was later folded under and slowly crushed into carboniferous deposits.

▪ ▪ ▪

IN smoky cities bits of glass are quickly cut to become, in an hour, tawdry imitations of an inimitable gem; while crushed in the depths of an African wilderness a miracle of chemistry is slowly — oh, so very slowly — creating a masterpiece that man will some day proclaim...a diamond. True, the method is slower — but, the result is so much finer...

For 87 years Hardman pianos have been built entirely by hand within the workrooms of Hardman, Peck & Company by artisans with at least 25 years experience. Three generations of family ownership have guarded each detail in manufacture. From the selection of raw materials to the gradual seasoning, settling and re-tuning of the instrument before it can be finally approved, every step is taken with a slow and measured tread.

Unquestionably this does much to explain the warmth of tone and life-long durability that have made Hardman pianos famous. A beautiful illustrated and autographed 48-page book of world famous artists will be sent on request. Please address Dept. Y-18, Hardman, Peck & Company, 433 Fifth Avenue, New York.

HARDMAN PIANOS

THE MODERNIQUE piano cases are the first to be executed in the modern manner. Designed for Hardman by Edward J. Steichen, Helen Dryden, Lee Simonson and Eugene Schoen.

HARDMAN, PECK & COMPANY have created pianos with a wide range of prices. Purchasable on very easy terms, and seen at the better dealers everywhere.

HARDMAN, PECK & COMPANY ▪ 433 FIFTH AVENUE ▪ NEW YORK

325 East Fordham Road, Bronx ▪ 47-51 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn ▪ 136-27 Roosevelt Avenue, Flushing

Have you a tough beard?

A LITTLE Hinds Cream before lathering will do wonders to soften a tough beard.

Simply rub it in hard for a few seconds. Then lather while the beard is still wet. A little *after* you shave, too, takes away that shiny look.

Don't take our word for it. Try it. Your wife has a bottle. If not, clip the coupon.

HINDS CREAM

Before and After Shaving

LEHN & FINK, INC., *Sole Distributors*
Dept. 859, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. I want a smooth, quick shave.

(*Print name and address*)

Name.....

Address.....

This coupon not good after January, 1930
Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8

HOCKEY

Referee's Break—Fiddler Frederickson—Old-Timers and New-Timers

REFEREES, though they are often knocked down, seldom take time out on their own account, and when Cooper Smeaton rested for a minute against the boards after being tumbled in a jam of Canadiens and Americans last week, it was clear that he had got a harder bump than usual. Through the rest of the game one leg failed him whenever he tried to use it; the doctor who examined him found that he had broken a bone in his ankle. If a player had kept on skating for half an hour after breaking a bone, every newspaper would have called attention to his nerve, but since Smeaton is only a referee the incident was pretty much ignored.

It was one of the roughest games of the year. Put off for fighting, Broadbent started the argument over again in the penalty box, and kept boring into his antagonist until the Garden cops got hold of him. Broadbent is a Bachelor of Philosophy, but his education did nothing to soften a temper that has made him famous through eighteen seasons of professional hockey, and that was regarded with interest by all Canada in the days when, as right wing of the Ottawa Senators, he carried on a chronic feud with Reg Noble of the Toronto Saint Patricks.

The best-educated hockey players are sometimes the most quarrelsome. Frank Frederickson, for instance, takes a great interest in all forms of art, particularly music; he likes to go to concerts and to describe them afterward. He is a fine violinist. At night after a game, a time when all players have trouble relaxing, Frederickson puts on a silk dressing-gown and fiddles for an hour or so. He likes sad songs best—elegies, songs of regret, and themes from the works of Russian composers. If he could find a hockey coach who really understood music, he would probably get along all right; as it is, he quarrels with most of his bosses. Tired of smoothing down Frederickson's temperament, Art Ross was willing to let him go to Pittsburgh, but from the way Frederickson is showing up on Benny Leonard's team it looks as if Ross got the worst of the deal.

THE Pittsburgh team that faced the Rangers a week ago Thursday night was obviously transformed. Something had happened to it—the offensive was stronger, the passes more accurate. Darragh, White, and Frederickson kept Roach busy, and McKinnon and Smith, the two heavy defence men, stopped so many Ranger players, wedging them in the middle of the ice or pushing them around behind the goal, that Miller had to make only thirty-seven saves to Roach's fifty. Pittsburgh's early lead gave the game just the suspense it needed, and when the Rangers tied the score in the last period the crowd behaved the way it usually does in such circumstances.

Hockey crowds are much the same all over the country. The Ontario silver miners, who watch the game with a bottle between their feet, express themselves in different language, but their spirit is identical with that of the enthusiasts who lug horns and water-whistles into Madison Square Garden and who, leaning over the edge of the balcony, occasionally synchronize their sarcasms into formal, collegiate cheers. In Maine excited audiences sprinkle the ice with paper.

THE Pacific Coast League, organized by Lester Patrick in 1911, is playing to big houses in Washington and California. One odd thing about the West Coast players is the great variation in their ages. Some, twenty-one or two, have gone out there straight from the Canadian amateur leagues; others, getting near fifty, have been in the game for over twenty years.

Fast as it is, hockey does not age an athlete the way boxing or football does. In many instances it actually keeps fellows young who, as soon as they stop playing, deteriorate and get fat. One of the regulars of the Portland lineup is Moose Johnson, probably the greatest stick-hurdler in the history of the game. I don't know exactly how old Johnson is, but I know he played with Lester Patrick, Pud Glass, and Riley Hern on the Montreal Wanderers, who were world champions in 1907. Jack Walker and Bobby Rowe are two more old-timers playing on Coast teams and

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teaching the game to a bunch of kids who hope to get their own chance sometime in the Eastern leagues.

PLAYERS in the old days drank more, worked harder, earned less than they do now. Those who worked their way up out of the backwoods leagues knew what it felt like to skate ten miles on a frozen river, or across a bay, to the village where the game was to be played, and they sat up nights in the rocking coaches of territorial railways, lit by gas chandeliers and warmed by coal stoves, while the engine plunged laboriously through snowdrifts. Now the big-league players travel in private cars around the hexagonal circuit whose angles are Chicago, Ottawa, Montreal, Boston, Pittsburgh, and New York. Some of them, during the summer, are dentists, lawyers, and engineers. Leo Bourgault and John Ross Roach share an apartment in Tudor City.

IN twenty-five years the game has changed like its setting. Instead of seven-man teams, the members of which were taught offence and almost nothing else, leaving the goalies to take care of themselves, modern six-man hockey consists of a set of highly specialized positions organized as much for defence as for scoring. On artificial ice, in covered rinks stuffy with steam heat and cigar smoke, players can't keep skating at top speed for as long as they could on the open, natural rinks where the game was usually played in the old days. Ottawa found out that if they could score one goal and then spread six men across the ice in a line protecting the man who guarded the goal, no opponent had much chance of beating them. After Ottawa had won a couple of world championships they found that their system was no longer exclusive; other teams were using it too, and the people of Ottawa, bored by their team's successes and by the unexciting methods with which they had achieved them, stopped crowding the arena. Today major-league hockey earns leaner dividends in Ottawa than anywhere else. —N. B., Jr.

•

At a social held last evening at the home of Mrs. John T. Howes, a Victor Hugo program was given. Mrs. Harold Hawkins spoke on "The Half-back of Notre Dame."—*Lakeville (Conn.) Journal.*

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COURT GA

The Old Long Island Spir —Dr

THE Rockaway Hunting Club has long been famous for its polo, but before many years it should become equally well known for its squash racquets. Of all the clubs where the game is played, and their number is increasing annually, none is more inviting than this one, where the tang of an ocean breeze supplies its players with an invigorating bracer. There are five new courts at Rockaway, four singles and a doubles, and they are all housed in a new building that connects with the clubhouse proper. Pretty nearly everyone in the Rockaway Hunting colony either plays or watches the matches there, and you find an informality about the place that makes you feel, somehow, that this must be a touch of English country life transported to America. There are just as many women at the matches as there are men, and almost as many children as there are women.

To judge from the interest of the younger generation in the game and their enthusiasm over the play, it would be surprising if the club did not turn out some of the best players in the country within a few years. Squash racquets has been played there for a long time, but it was not until they converted the two old courts into locker-rooms and showers and built the five new ones that the game took on a new lease of life and acquired its present wide vogue.

There are already some excellent players in the club, and Rockaway stands second in the Metropolitan Squash Racquets League championship tournament, being the only team that has a chance to stop the Harvard Club from winning the title. W. Palmer Dixon, former national champion, plays at Rockaway what little squash racquets he indulges in now, and among the other leading players there are E. M. Jonklaas, who came over with the Oxford-Cambridge tennis team some years ago and liked America so much that he never went back, Junius A. Richards, Lee Norris, L. McK. Miller, J. Henry Harper, Jr., and Leonard J. Wyeth.

IT was on these Long Island courts that the annual tri-city matches for

GAMES

—*Drop Shots in the Tin*

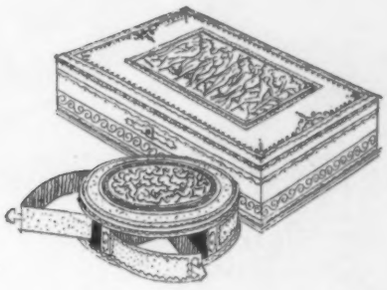
the Lockett Cup were held last Saturday and Sunday, bringing together the best talent of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. It is customary in these matches, which were started in 1925, for the two visiting teams to engage each other on the opening day, while the home team undergoes the ordeal of playing two rounds the final day.

The Philadelphians arrived as the holders of the cup, but in spite of that their chances of winning were considered inferior to those of both the other teams. So it was quite unexpected when they defeated Boston 4–3. The upset can partly be explained by the fact that Boston's No. 1 man, Myles Baker, was unable to come down, and so every player on the team had to move up one notch, where the opposition was a little stronger.

Francis Hill took Baker's place as lead-off man, and his match with Harold Custer was regarded as one that Boston could count on as being in the bag. Custer, however, had a drop shot that looped the front left-hand corner with irritating success, and once it put in its appearance in the second game Hill was placed on the defensive and kept there to the end of the match. These shots were placed too high, so there were many who were at a loss to understand why Hill hit them into the tin so frequently. Their beauty, however, was that they came from nowhere with perfectly mashed strokes of the shortest possible length, and Hill was caught off guard before he had time to diagnose the plays.

Custer's victory gave Philadelphia a point, but by that time the score stood 3–2 in Boston's favor, and Philadelphia had to take the last two matches. It fell to Neil Sullivan and Francis Bradley to save the day for Philadelphia. Sullivan, who is better known as a lawn-tennis than as a squash-racquets player, has made rapid strides at the latter game, and some wondered why he was put fourth on the team and not higher in the lineup.

When Ray Coffin and Sydney Clark, both of whom went ahead of him, were beaten by their Boston opponents, the stage was set for Sullivan, and he vindicated the faith of his adherents



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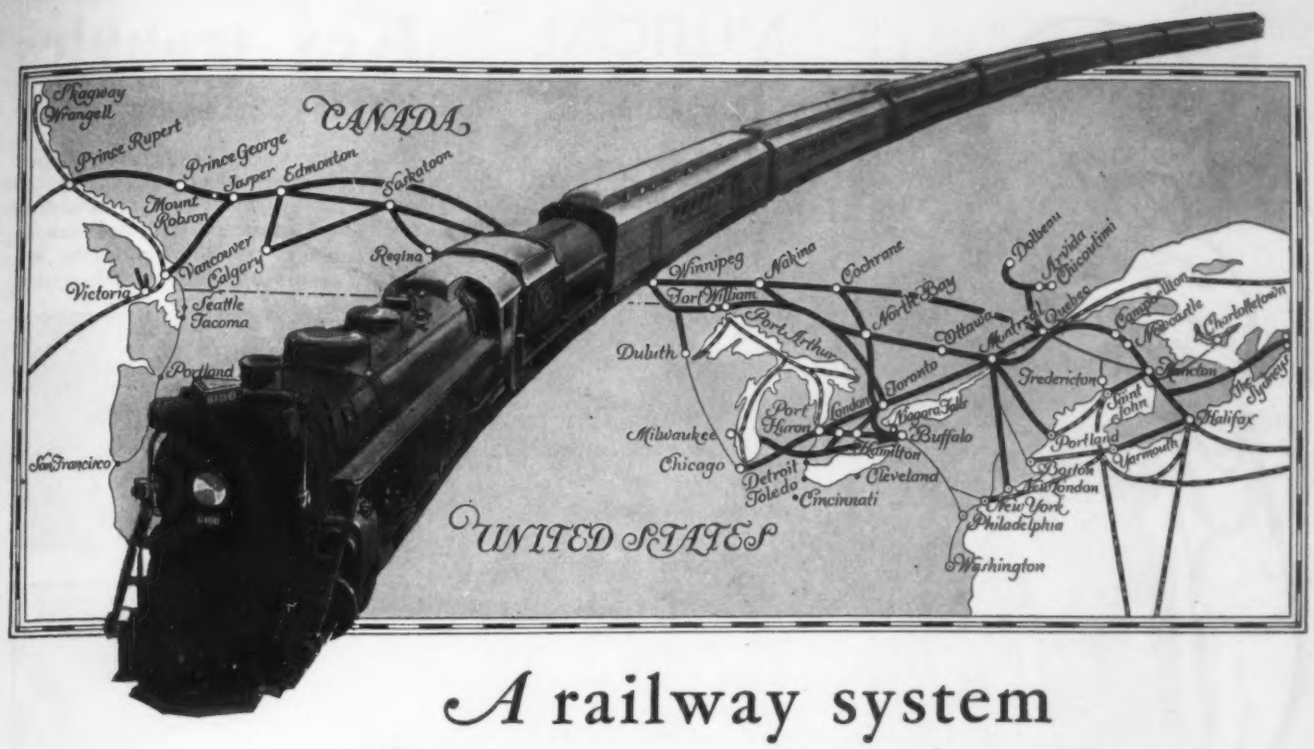
by defeating W. H. Rice, Jr., in four games, after losing the first.

HERBERT RAWLINS, the national champion, arrived from England too late to lead the New York team on Sunday, and so George Debevoise, whose play this season has been the best he has shown since his undergraduate days at Harvard, was put at No. 1. Following him in order on the lineup were Larry Pool, P. K. Keenan, Lathrop Haskins, R. F. DeVoe, Eliot Pratt, and Perry R. Pease. Every one of these players, with the exceptions of Keenan and Pratt, is a former disciple of Harry Cowles, showing how thoroughly the younger Harvard generation is dominating the game in the metropolis. Compare this list with the one that represented New York in 1925, and the changing order can be appreciated all the more. On that first New York team were A. E. Ells, Henry Mills, Henry Munroe, P. K. Keenan, Junius A. Richards, L. McK. Miller, and J. B. Underhill, Jr. This year's is not only a younger team; it is also a stronger one, so the one thing that Mr. Ells sought to do beyond anything else was to prevent his charges from becoming over-confident. He was mindful of the fact that the 1927 combination, with Debevoise, Huhn, Rawlins, Kingsley, Lenhart, DeVoe, and Keenan, also looked more than strong enough to bring the cup to New York for the first time but was beaten by a lower-rated Philadelphia team.

THERE was only one discordant note sounded at the matches, and that was caused by the new ball, which is much livelier than the old. It was the first time that most of the players had seen it, and naturally they were a bit at sea in reacting to it. It would have been better to have deferred its début until another time.

—A. D.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Roxy Does the Ninth—The Young—Little Ado About Nothing Much

ONE of the most significant symphonic performances ever given in this town was the presentation of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in the studios of the Roxy Theatre by the orchestra, chorus, and principals of that institution under the direction of Erno Rapee. It was not a performance that shattered any memories of Mr. Toscanini's productions of the Ninth, but it indicated that the time is not far off when we may expect to have a Beethoven symphony as a matter of course in Roxy's cathedral —which means that the symphony is on its way to a place in the standard cinema orchestral repertoire.

Roxy's production had no visible audience, as the event was one of his Sunday afternoon broadcasts, but I fancy that Mr. Rothafel will repeat the symphony on his stage one of these weeks. The limitations imposed by time (the symphony had to be cut to one hour) and the mechanics of transmission were genuine handicaps. The cut in the slow movement was of no great consequence, but the elimination of the fugue in the choral section and the condensation of the whole last movement into a few minutes unbalanced the effect of the symphony as an entity. Apparently the placement of the microphones was not too felicitous for the chorus, which came through weakly. Apart from these blemishes, the performance was one that deserved something more than casual notice.

It must be remembered that this musical organization is occupied constantly in the preparation and performance of elaborate programs for the Roxy Theatre and that the Ninth had to be rehearsed in its spare time. Furthermore, Beethoven's music is not precisely in the vein to which the Roxy personnel has been accustomed. Nevertheless, the publication of the symphony could have been considerably less polished and still have been a worthwhile effort.

MR. RAPEE was faithful to the score except for a few cinematic

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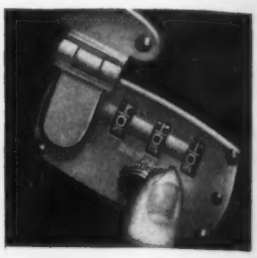

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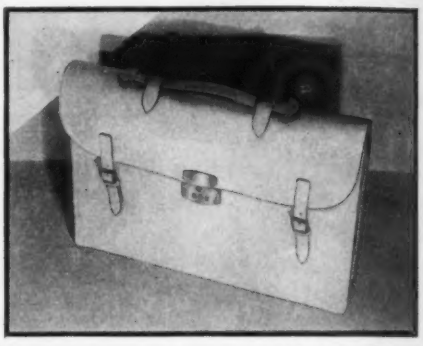

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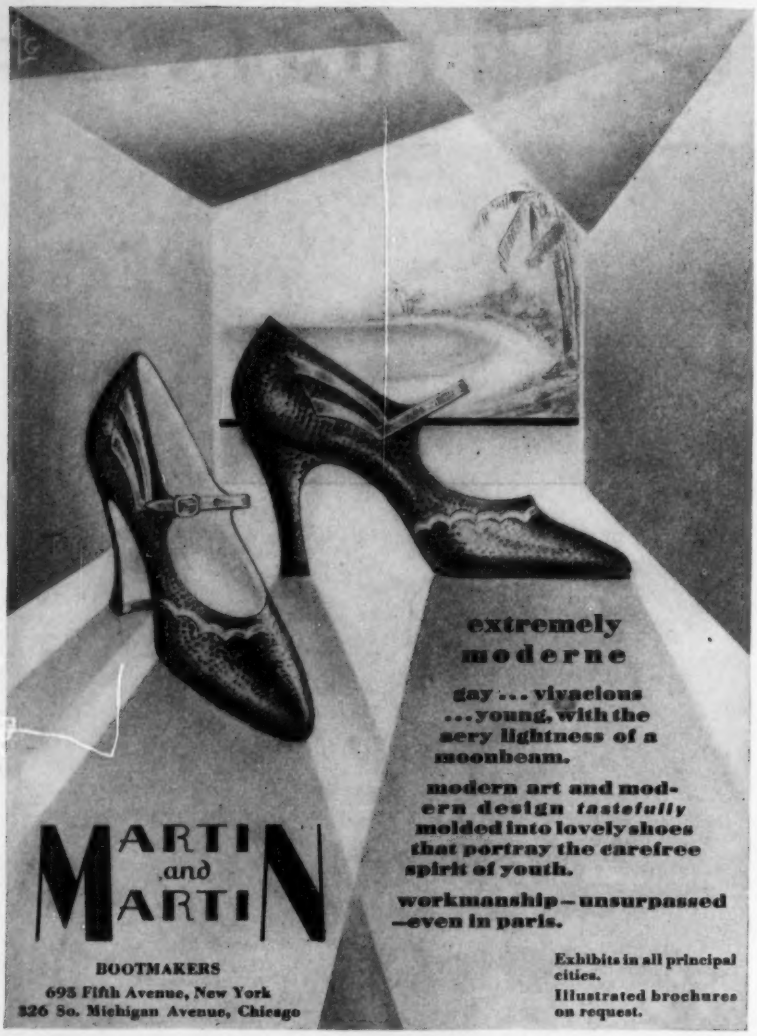
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exaggerations, and his band functioned with technical accuracy. Owing to the vagaries of my loudspeaker, I cannot comment safely on the tone quality, although I assume that it was good, for the Roxy orchestra, in person, is a euphonious outfit. The chorus, singing a truncated version of the finale, seemed to know its music; again, the idiosyncrasies of transmission make a more detailed report inadvisable. Of the soloists, Douglas Stanbury, the baritone, sang his part brilliantly, and the rest did well with what was left for them to sing.

It should be added that Roxy permitted the performance to proceed without pauses between the movements and without the horrendous verbal program notes which disfigure most radio performances of major works.

THE Copland-Sessions Concerts, sponsored by two of the most gifted young American composers, Aaron Copland and Roger Sessions, are with us again. These evenings of music are devoted to contemporary works in small forms and they serve as a laboratory in which the output of young musicians may be examined.

The first concert succeeded in lulling into repose an audience that obviously was hospitable. There was a piano sonatina by Nicolai Lopatnikoff, played industriously by Colin McPhee, probably for the last time. Henry Cowell, who used to be associated with such oddities as "tone clusters" and thunder-sticks, offered six "Paragraphs" for two violins and 'cello. Calling these bits "Paragraphs" did not make them sound any more unlike conventional exercises for the instruments involved, although Mr. Cowell's music had sound craftsmanship to commend it. Bernard Wagenaar, whose symphony had been introduced earlier in the season by Mr. Mengelberg, was represented by a

one-movement piano sonata, played from memory by John Duke, whose mnemonic virtuosity was coupled with pianistic skill. At a first hearing, the Wagenaar sonata seemed to be unusually episodic and gave the impression that the composer's natural romanticism was at war with a determination to be unusual. As Mr. Cushing of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the national expert on Mr. Wagenaar's works, has observed, there is individuality in this composer's fabrications, and the sonata was at least Wagenaarian.

EVIDENTLY the big shots on the program were four settings by Marc Blitzstein of passages from Whitman's "Children of Adam" and George Antheil's second string quartet. The business of equipping Whitman's lines with music is a treacherous one, and it was too much for Mr. Blitzstein, who did not do much more than space out the words to various strummings on the piano. Possibly there may have been some intent to shock with Whitman's highly colored physiological text, but nobody seemed to be upset about the songs. The singer was Benjohn Ragsdale, a young colored baritone, who did not appear to be having much fun with his task. Mr. Blitzstein, at the piano, however, had a good time of it. The Antheil string quartet was another sample of this young man's strained doings with sentimental themes. Mr. Antheil has a definite talent which, apparently, he has not yet exercised.

Probably the Messrs. Copland and Sessions will have better luck next time.

THE latest work of Richard Strauss, a choral outburst called "Die Jahreszeiten," was brought forward by Mr. Mengelberg and the Philharmonic-Symphony without much ado. The new composition is a vocal relative of the composer's "Alpine" symphony, and, apart from a few color effects, is nothing to remember. At the same concert, Yehudi Menuhin returned to play the Tschaikowsky violin concerto and proved (1) that his is the greatest violin talent of recent years, and (2) that he ought to retire now before he becomes merely another child prodigy. —R. A. S.

•

Percy Minnis, who had a finger cut off the day after Christmas, has had another cut off.—*Mercyville* (*Ia.*) *Banner*.

There's a limit to that.

SOUTHERN PLAY

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FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, JANUARY 2

IF you are going to take up the millinery being shown these frosty days in advance collections, it would be a good idea to take a good look first of all at the back of your neck and discover how much publicity it will stand. Lots of hat brim or absolutely none at all seems to be the general rule. Rose Valois shows no hat that doesn't have a brim of some kind; just across the street, Suzanne Talbot admits one lone cloche among the bonnets. This has a brim that widens from half an inch in front to three in back. Six tucks, starting at the top of the head and spreading out in fan arrangement in back, hold the whole thing close to the neck. It looks stunning with a face that is not too long.

Several houses are exhibiting the small close-fitting hat that has a little frill of some sort in back, the best ones being shown at Talbot. Patou has one with the raw felt hanging for an inch or two, like the peasant bonnets worn by Lillian Gish in her quaint moments. Talbot does the same type of thing in ingenious ways—one of her models being long until it gets just behind the ears, where it is then cut off short. The idea is that the growing bob will curl up gracefully in back with the effect of a frill. You can do what you like about this.

"Just what is the condition of my scalp?"

Those, however, who have just a nice face and are not a type, will probably prefer the Descat cap that has a strip of felt in a complicated fold from ear to ear (worn high on the forehead, supposedly to relieve harsh lines) or an Agnès cap that has little puffs or turned-up ends at the sides like a Dutch cap.

Felt and straw combinations are the annual spring surprise. Milan is much in evidence, by itself or combined with satin or felt. Tagal, woven strips of straw to be handled like fabric, and basket-weave straws (Valois) with strips of felt as trimming, are much seen. Knife feathers and tufts of ostrich are used by Reboux as trimming; some white ostrich is used to give the effect of white hair. Also, to my great regret, veils are back. They are almost invisible, and fall stiffly, to the delight of Paris. New York will undoubtedly be cool.

If you will wear a cloche, pull the brim well down over your right ear so that the hat tilts upward over the left. —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

AS far as New York is concerned, that, on the whole, sounds too elaborate for general smart consumption. There are some people, besides débutantes, who wear velvet and satin and elaborate ensembles in the daytime, but the average well-dressed woman goes in for tweeds and simple fabrics that do not admit of very extreme hats. Hair that is growing out and curls up on the back of the neck may be charming with quaint evening clothes, but on the street it usually looks Greenwich Villagey to this weary eye. You can't wear veils or ostrich feathers with tailleurs.

ROLLÉE, at 40 East Fiftieth Street, realizes all this and makes a specialty of hats whose great distinction is cut and fit, with any extreme design modified to suit conservative smart American taste. Her nearest approach to a wide brim in back is one by Le Monnier, with Dutch ears and a longish back in black felt. For the rest, she goes on her way, making marvellously chic small hats that fit

How to run a Beach Party

Pack your bags and trunks and take the fast train to your favorite Southern Beach. Get together a group of fun-enjoying sea-sand-and-sun lovers one hour after or before a meal and turn them loose with the newest ideas in beach games and water sports and pastimes.

It is to be expected that the kind of people you would invite will come costumed lightly and with the requisite dash and color to provide a picturesque setting—that most of them will wear A & F swimming suits and beach clothes.

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Haas Brothers Silks

Fifth Avenue New York

the head like a well-kept coiffure and are glorified by intricate detail, like the Reboux felt cap that has a short brim curling around the back to make a simple coil over one ear. There are interesting departures in line, but none of them are carried to extremes. If you are dubious about your own taste, you are safe here. If you are sure that it is good you will certainly find what you are looking for.

NICOLE DE PARIS, at 7 East Fifty-fifth Street, is the place to go if you feel a little fantastic about your headgear. People who rush out and buy hats the minute they find their love-life unsatisfactory can find more consolation here than any place I can think of. The hats are gay, and though they are in general difficult to wear and require an extensive wardrobe, they are very saucy and very French. You know—sober black hats burst forth into huge bows behind one ear or shoot skywards unexpectedly; hats of gay fabrics are so, so demure. All are paradoxical.

For instance—a Reboux of quiet black baku, the brim turned up and pointed all around like a pagoda, a nose veil for allure. Another Reboux—a cloche wide at the sides and short front and back, of gay cretonne with the pattern emphasized by embroidery and bits of écru lace here and there. There is a Marie Guy hat, also in black straw, that has a wide poke-bonnet brim in front and a huge bow of straw and velvet pulling the hat to one side behind the ear. Louison contributes a hat combining white baku and black felt, the felt creeping over to make incrustations on the white half; Descat makes a quiet little cloche of beige baku with a brim of beige felt, having tiny petit-point roses unobtrusively decorating the edge of the brown belting band. Really the place to go if you are sick and tired of the ordinary run of hats and you feel spring stirring in your chilled bones. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

Annual Authenticity —In the Esquimaux Manner

THE Beaux Arts ball, that yearly outbreak of refinement released from all inhibitions and running riot in fancy dress, is upon us again, and will take place at the Hotel Astor on the evening of January 25. The period demanded by the costume committee

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(This is not a Correspondence Course)

is the time of Napoleon Bonaparte, and as all of you know, you have to be authentic. If you have no dressmaker who can go quaint with white muslin and blue ribbons, the following places are ready to assist you:

Brooks Costume Company, Official Costumers, 1437 Broadway,
Bayer-Schumacher Co., Inc., 69 West Forty-sixth Street,
Broadway Theatrical Costuming Co., 119 West Forty-eighth Street,
Chas. Chrisdie & Co., 41 West Forty-seventh Street,
Eaves Co., 151 West Forty-sixth Street,
A. S. Fishbach, 56 West Fifty-first Street,
Madame F. Katz, 119 West Forty-eighth Street,
Laboratory Theatre, 222 East Fifty-fourth Street,
Lane Costume Co., 133 West Forty-fifth Street,
Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street,
Mlle. Marie, 547 Madison Avenue,
Mahieu Costumers, Inc., 242 West Fifty-fifth Street,
Nesor-Booth-Willoughby, Inc., 723 Seventh Avenue,
Schneider-Anderson Co., 229 West Thirty-sixth Street,
Stanley Costume Studios, 306 West Twenty-second Street,
Stewart & Co., Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street,
A. W. Tams, 318 West Forty-sixth Street,
Vanity Fair Rental Costumes, Inc., 149 West Forty-eighth Street.

THE Christopher Robin Shop, known to all of you as a grand place to buy clothes in the English manner for small boys (topcoats of imported tweeds and woollens with raglan sleeves are particularly fine) is expanding more and more in its new quarters at 818 Madison Avenue. Now all the shorts are cut in the French manner, slanting upward from a straight piece some two and a half inches wide between the legs. This idea appears in some adorable creeper suits for children about a year old. They come in colored chambray, linen, or fine broadcloth, have white collars, and cuffs on the short sleeves, and dissolve to practically nothing towards the hips in the manner described above.

Also to be found here are the Parka snow suits they introduced last year—modelled after Esquimaux suits, the jumper having a fur-edged hood attached, the trousers coming over the knees so that long galoshes are the only things needed to complete the costume. They come in soft wool in brilliant colors. There is also a lovely assortment of handmade Austrian frocks in crêpe de Chine for twelve-year-old parties. These are *jeune fille* in the Continental sense, for they do not try to emulate the costume of the

Dorothy Gray

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On the second floor of the new Dorothy Gray building you will find a gracious salon, in its decoration charmingly reminiscent of France under the First Empire. Here are peaceful little treatment rooms, all soft lights and quiet, where you may sink deep in a restful big armchair while the skillful fingers of an expert give you the stimulating treatment exactly suited to the needs of your individual skin. She will gladly tell you how you may continue your treatments at home and during your winter travels.

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683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
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shoecraft presents this companionate bag and slipper in the lovely shades of the fauna and flora of the south. the bag, $19.50; the slipper, $20; both obtainable at 714 fifth avenue, new york and 323 worth avenue, palm beach.

special 2-hour dyeing service for evening slippers at both shops

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SALON: 714 fifth ave

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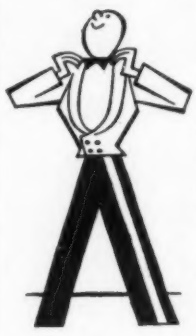
SPANISH DINNER $2.00
SOUTHERN DINNER $1.25
or a la carte
DANCING 'TIL TWO
WASHINGTON SQ. SOUTH on SULLIVAN ST.

mother, and are distinctly well bred and charming.

But the thing I like most about Christopher Robin is that this shop does not insult childhood with sappy pinks and baby blues. Browns, yellows, lavenders, warm browny pinks, and other colors are to be found here in abundance. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

The Niceties of Night Life—Some Stray Items



THE predominance of tail coats this winter has made the reliable dinner jacket unpleasantly conspicuous at smart evening affairs. It is now back in its place as a semi-formal garment, and consequently only a black waistcoat should be worn with it. This may be either single or double-breasted, and should be made of the same material as the jacket.

We will not say much about the cut of evening clothes because there has been very little change, and you and your tailor will have your own ideas anyway. For material, we suggest a closely woven worsted, with an almost imperceptible pattern, in midnight blue, which is really blue-black. Tail coats should fit snugly at the waist, should not meet in front, and should not allow the white waistcoat to appear beneath. Plain bone buttons and lapels of grosgrain or barathea are better than fancy buttons and shiny satin lapels—a ruling that also applies to all dinner jackets except the double-breasted ones, which should have shiny lapels. At Tripler you will find evening clothes that meet these requirements, and have broad shoulders and narrow cuffs besides. Brooks has excellent conservative garments, and Saks-Fifth Avenue has a new and well-cut tail coat.

A SHIRT, waistcoat, and tie all of the same material make an effective combination. Albert Leonard George, 608 Madison Avenue, has all three in English marcella cloth. He also has an evening shirt that opens in the back and really looks as though it opened in the front. It has plain

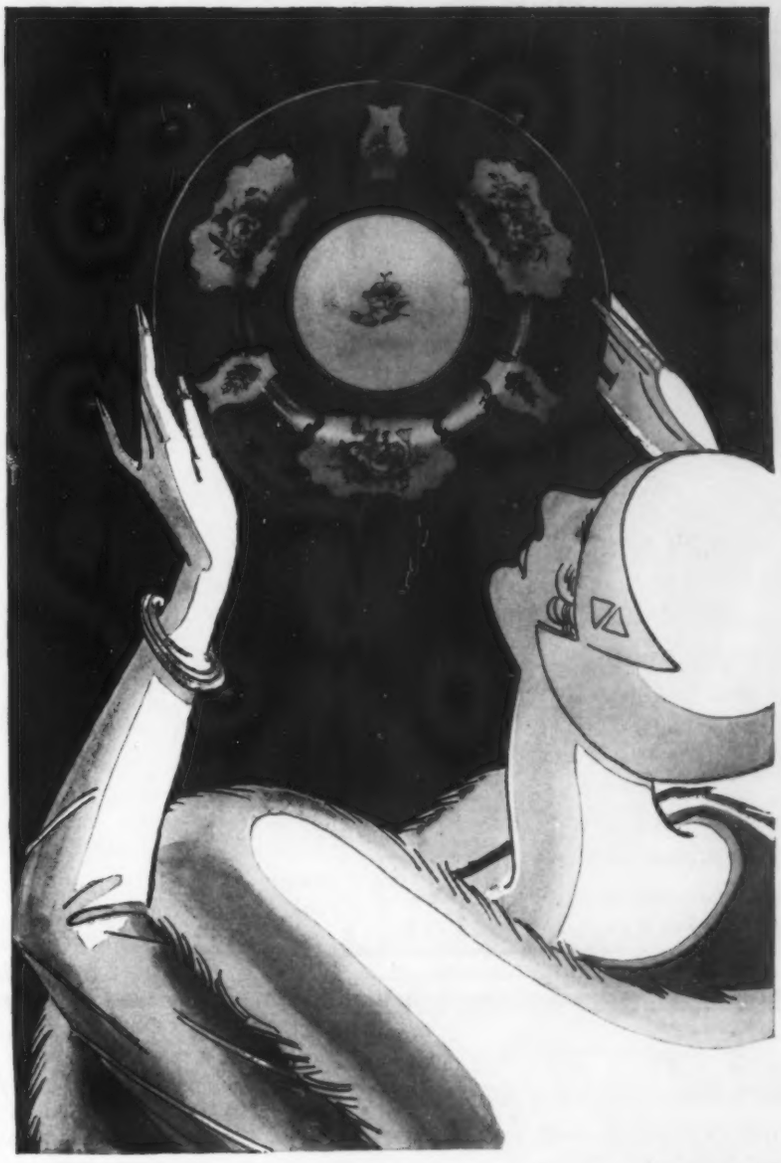
cuffs, and is one of the best of this type that we have seen. The Hawes & Curtis line, that Saks-Fifth Avenue imports from London, includes a backless waistcoat and a low wing collar with a very wide opening that should make it the ultimate in comfort for a man with a short neck. Brooks has the highest collar we've seen—the Malvern, very smart but not as comfortable as the lower Hamilton. (Incidentally, all these shops have custom-shirt departments.) Doyle & Black, 45 West Forty-sixth Street, makes shirts, ties, and waistcoats to order, and is very good about carrying out customers' pet ideas.

A SILK hat is correct with either dinner jacket or tail coat. However, the lack of proper facilities in New York for checking them, and the rough handling given by coat-room attendants, make it necessary to have them ironed almost every time they are worn. An opera hat, though not as smart, is more practical. Brooks has opera hats made of black cashmere with a nice dull lustre; it looks less funereal than grosgrain. This shop also imports silk hats from Lock, and Herbert Johnson, both of London, which vary slightly in the curl of the brim and the bell of the crown.

SUSPENDERS are absolutely necessary with evening clothes if you want your trousers to hang well. You can get white or black silk ones in almost any good shop. Albert Leonard George has suspenders—he insists they are braces—made of white buck cloth which looks like felt and should wear almost forever.

STRAY ITEMS: The Man's Shop, 25 East Forty-eighth Street: Combination cigarette case and bill-fold of black moire. Cuff links with monogram or crest in gold, set under crystal, made to order. . . . De Pinna: Black velvet smoking coat, cut like a dinner jacket with grosgrain lapels—warm and informal. . . . Albert Leonard George: Black silk socks with thin, wool feet. . . . Saks-Fifth Avenue: Evening mufflers of plain white crêpe de Chine, very smart and hard to find. . . . Tripler: Snake key chains and wrist-watch straps to match, in gold and silver. Gold bill clips. Combination flashlight and pencil, about the size of a fountain pen—for writing in the dark and finding key holes.

—G. McC.



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(2) THE NEW BLACKHAWK

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AND
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"Oh yes indeed, Mrs. Weissberg. If you'll just lean over a little during the Westley scenes I have something luscious to tell you. . . ."

"Oh hello there, Castlewood. I suppose you're snooping for burlesque material."

"Yes, I'm going to do Lynn Fontanne on one side and Alfred Lunt on the other, though Heaven knows how I shall manage the love scenes. . . . ."

"I had no idea that Mephistopheles was an English cab-driver. But that's what comes of sending Lee Simonson to London, I suppose. . . ."

"Wherever do you suppose they got those witches? They're not my idea of witches at all. The scenery's good though."

"Oh my dear, the lines are beautiful—almost as many quotations as Hamlet. . . ."

"Well, if I had known the Lunts weren't going to be in it I'd have given my seats to the butler. . . ."

"Well, I thought it would never end. Why in the world do you suppose they ever put that on?"

"Why my dear, they simply had to give something that would only run the usual six weeks."

—ALBERT CARROLL

•

ANY CHANGE MUST BE FOR THE BETTER

I know that neither joy nor pain
Nor spring nor fall nor sun nor rain
Nor applesauce can last, and so
Eventually love must go,
And leave me absolute control
Of my so-called immortal soul.

Oh happy day, when love will be
A tax upon my memory!

—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

"I wear a belt because I have found that suspenders have a tendency to make me round shouldered. As far as pajamas and nightshirts go, I have tried them both many times and find both uncomfortable."—*The News.*

It's not how far they go that makes them uncomfortable, it's how far they don't stay.

When Men Growl and Women Howl

it's probably just nerves, my dear—snappy, jerky nerves due to lack of exercise, overwork, or a hundred and one more things that easily can be rectified by a few hours a week at McGovern's Gymnasium.

We guarantee to make smilers out of both growlers and howlers—and you'll have a lot of fun while we're doing it.

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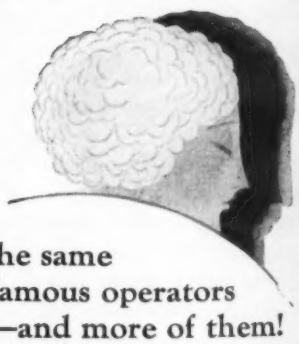

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either you've remarked it yourself or you've heard about it—the wonderful skill of *jean* operators, their wisdom in suiting your wave to your hair and your face, their ability to combine both *chic* and becomingness in a single perfect coiffure.

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G. JEAN

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MOTORS

Hub-Cap Rivalry—Big and Little Britons—Coonskin Collegiatism

EVEN without the aid of a tape measure we are able to report that Pierce-Arrow wins the hub-cap championship of the New York Automobile Show, which closes at the Grand Central Palace Saturday evening, January 12. The generous nickel discs on the wire wheels of this car are now about as big as serving plates, a gain on the size of former models, which was only that of a bread-and-butter dish. This rivalry for large hub-caps is but a symbol of the lavish use of nickel now inescapable in most quarters.

Always wary of enthusiasm, we nevertheless feel called upon to halloo rather loudly for the cars which have been presented during the past week; while they are still conservative in their lines, we can see that the body-designers have been given free rein so far as color and panelling are concerned. One of the most expert uses of décor was to be seen on the cars of Studebaker, a house that has adroitly used reddish brown and café au lait on several models. Its President roadster has a brown fore section, brown fenders, café au lait rear half, red wire wheel-spokes, and a goldish belt along the side of the body by the driver's seat. Its Commander brougham gives a similar effect, having an ample brown-enameled trunk, with leather straps and nickel clasps. The Commanders have an interesting conceit—instead of the usual ribbonlike surface, there is a ridge on their bodies, set between two narrow moldings. We fell rather hard for the Commander coupé-roadster in canary and black.

AMONG the foreign showings the baby Austin has the amiable novelty of not being for sale. Its makers hope to persuade some Yankee entrepreneur to take the manufacturing rights. If brought from England, it costs $970 at your doorstep, but could be turned out here at somewhere near the Ford price. The vehicle is like a motorized baby-carriage—you can see over the top of it—and is only six feet two from hub to hub, and forty inches across. At the same time it has all

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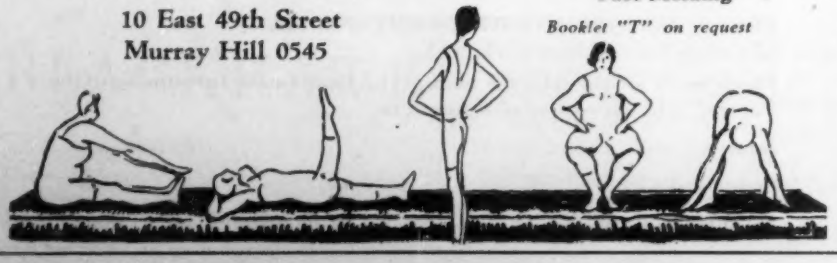

the equipment of the larger cars—four-wheel brakes and Triplex glass.

Daimler goes to the other extreme, being represented by a huge twelve-cylinder red sedan—with a black top—built to accommodate seven people. Its blue-and-gold upholstery is restrained and effective. The price is $18,000 in New York.

Renault's line again includes the $2,500 six-cylinder coupé-roadster which we applauded at the Salon. Mercedes-Benz heads the price list of all the cars with a roadster at $19,500 which carries on its front the announcement that it has been sold to Charles A. Levine. This (it can be duplicated for you) is a massive cream affair with scarlet snakeskin upholstery and a rear package compartment about the size of a hangar.

The Mercedes-Benz hood has herringbone slits on its top in addition to the usual side louvers. Vauxhall's hood reminds us of the Chrysler Imperial, though the body is radically different from the usual American design. Here we have a straight-side black fabric treatment with the sides overhanging the frame. Within, the mahogany-colored leather upholstery is put on the doors as well as on the seats. Price $4,100 in the United States; six cylinders.

WE predicted a future for Willys-Overland Whippets and Knights when that company engaged Amos Northup, the body-designer, and now we are able to crow a trifle. We point to the green-and-black Great Six Willys-Knight roadster with its checker-board door, the cross-lines of which are in gold striping. This designer uses chromium plating freely. The radiator shells on both Whippets and Knights are big, as are its half-grapefruit-shaped lights. The radiator shell on the Great Six is secured to the frame with sizable metal clamps. In the Standard Six roadster we have a two-tone blue effect topped off with a black-and-silver bumper, and a nickel cross-piece making a large arc between the lamps.

Buick continues its emphasis on chromium in a swank blue-gray sedan, which has an instrument panel with heavy nickel borders. The window frames here are a glossy black relieved with gold striping. If you own this car you need not stop to consider the size of your guests.

JORDAN, as might be expected, has a booth amply patronized by coon-

skin coats. The cause is a black-and-aluminum sport touring car upholstered in scarlet—lots of nickelware. Pierce and Lincoln also have models for the collegians, alas, presenting sport phaetons which have rear-seat windshields and vanity-tables that fold down over the rear compartment. Cadillac caters to the same taste with a blue-green phaeton that has both rear half and wheel wires in silver.

DODGE (we say this not without regret for what once was a stout and plain carriage) has been altered. The louvers are arranged as in a Chrysler except that they are not in a panel. There are other items which modish people will regard as improvements. The cross-bar of the lamps is a bright nickel rod with a triangular base on each fender. The exhaust manifold has been astutely placed before the engine instead of at the rear, making for a cooler driver's compartment in summer.

Incidentally, Moon's new Windsor model, having the subtitle of White Prince, has a smart novelty in its black radiator shell, bordered in front and in back with nickel. The louvers here are horizontal, equal in length at the top with shorter ones at the bottom to conform with the slope of the fenders. Oakland is lavishly bedizened with a huge nickel radiator shell, and a radiator-shutter front which looks like the back of a beetle. The lamps are nickel and extra-size.

WIRE wheels are fashionable this year, and there is a considerable demand for tires in the fender wells. In most lines wooden spokes are standard, so there is an extra charge for wire ones.

Discs are less in evidence, though we personally like them for their sheen and the ease with which they are washed. Everybody is having his fun with louvers, with a strong leaning toward the horizontal kind used by Marmon and Peerless. Placing the louvers in panels is also the vogue, as can be seen in the Chryslers. Visor and windshield treatment is bringing out originality, evidence of which can be found in the peak to the visor in Hupmobile, and the curved base of the windshield in Studebaker.

All in all, the bugaboo of standardization is being brushed away, and the 1929 models are produced *con amore*, with the designer's personality having a chance for free play.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

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Carry Ambrosia wherever you go. Its clear, refreshing odor is gone in a moment, leaving nothing to rob your perfume of its own individual scent. No matter how hurried or tired you are you can care for your skin beauty now.

Sunlit, liquid Ambrosia—in the unique flat-backed bottle, perfectly shaped to the hand. At all the finer drug and department stores.

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· · 16 DAYS OF LOVELINESS · ·

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*City*_____

as the twig is bent

so slideth the bird that thereon sits, quoth the clever cinema customer, that's why those wise birds amusementally inclined invariably slip into

the paramount

where

is now revealed "the strange case of lena smith", a paramount picture, not a mystery, with esther ralston, awful austrian occurrences, and von sternberg's direction.

and

on the stage is "the beauty shop blues" a merry marinello job with the paramount stage band in permanent waves

and

at the organ, is jesse crawford, playing at work, working at play, whatnot and what have you.

at the rivoli— united artists

the dawn still comes in samuel goldwyn's "awakening" a united artists picture, with vilma banky than whom there is no more beautifuller.

at the rialto

again under the auspices of mr. goldwyn is "the rescue", done by joseph conrad, superintended by united artists and actually participated in by ronald colman.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

East of Suez and West of Broadway

THERE is a general lack of any distinction among the most recent batch of movies, either for good or for bad. Nothing about any of them would divert a scholar, yet the rest of us need not feel affronted by the proffered fare. They are just ordinary movies. An exception may be made in the case of Mr. Benchley's short filler, "The Spellbinder," that was at the Paramount. It is polite and delicate humor much in the manner of his "Treasurer's Report," only this time the abashed and vague-minded young man gives a stump political speech, desperately struggling to appear assured and statistically sound.

IF some preference must be noted from among the longer new pictures, the honor should probably be given to the Barthelmess film, "Scarlet Seas," recently at the Strand, for the sake of its shipwreck and mutiny scenes. The vivid action of the picture is counterbalanced, however, by an underlying theme of moral regeneration which is especially wearisome to those tired skeptics in the loges who merely consider it bad luck to run across anyone in the throes of moral reformation.

The scarlet sea is that southern sea of the Far East where anything may happen, and the same romantic glamour of remote parts is exploited in "West of Zanzibar," that opened at the Capitol; the parts in this case being the jungles of Central Africa, where the natives eat each other, burn widows, and devote fabulous ingenuity to their coifs. The picture is derived from the play "Congo," and Lon Chaney is very Chaneyesque as he plots a terrible revenge for an injury which years before had lost him his girl and his legs. Though it would be disconcerting to spy one of these painted voodoo cannibals lurking in our conservatories, we must confess that their antics and their decorations left us a little bored.

We were bored also, and very heartless, before the anguish of Vilma Banky in "The Awakening," which was at the Rivoli, with its tale of the

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peasant girl who loves the German officer (the scene is laid in Alsace now), her purity and suffering, and his gallantry; all the to-do seeming to us just so much staginess. This was our reaction also to the poor little, pure little, Nihilist girl and her titled lover—pardon me, husband—in "Russia-1908," recently at the Fifty-Fifth Street Cinema, in spite of all her flounderings through Siberian snow drifts.

AFTER all these travelogues it was good to be back among the dear home-scenes of gang wars and cabarets, and we felt more kindly than usual toward the somewhat excessive waggeries of Colleen Moore, at the Paramount, in the picture so subtly titled "Synthetic Sin," wherein a good little girl steps straight from the country into the midst of West Side gun-play. "Romance of the Underworld," which opened at the Roxy, also begins with the doings of the class most frowned upon by Mr. Whalen, and then crystallizes into the classic drama of the woman with a past, though her commonsense when this past inevitably turns up contributes some substantial interest to the ending of the picture and teaches us all the little, golden lesson that when blackmailed one should go straight to the police about it.

The best of these movies of our homeland life is "The Shopworn Angel," with Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll. Nancy plays a revue dancer with a lavish apartment, diamond bracelets, and a Rolls, into whose placid life there lopes an idealistic hick soldier stationed for the moment, until his transport shall take him to the war, at Camp Merritt. How the diamond bracelets lose their glitter before his guileless ardors forms the stuff of this story, and it is well played and nicely handled by both the young actors. Somehow these stories in which the boy is naïve and the girl sophisticated often seem more plausible than those wherein the reverse is true; a mystery beyond our solution at the moment, and one which we must take the coming week to ponder.

—J. C. M.

•

PSHAW DEPARTMENT

[*From the December 29 issue of* THE NEW YORKER]

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THE

Front Page

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OMELETTE. No, just plain omelette. And have you got any hard rolls? If you have let me have some hard rolls and coffee. Coffee right away with the meal. . . . Yeah, Joe. I ran into the old girl-friend. I didn't exactly run into her. She called me up. I was working up at the Bridgeport office that day and we have a line right through. Direct line right here from our office up the street right to the Bridgeport plant, so it doesn't cost you anything if you call me in New York and I'm in Bridgeport. Why they just connect you right with Bridgeport and it doesn't cost you any long distance. Well, so she called up the office here in town and right away they just connected her with my phone. So I picked up the receiver and said hello and I heard this voice saying,

"Is this Mr. Malone?"

And I said yes and she said, "Do you know who this is?" and that usually gives me a pain, but I didn't say anything except no, I didn't know who was talking and so she said,

"Think back five years ago, then see if you remember." Well, she no more had the words out of my mouth —out of *her* mouth—than I knew who was talking. You know, Joe, how it is when . . . Will you bring me my coffee right away please? . . . You know, Joe. It just gave me a start. I got a swell kick out of hearing her voice and all, and all I could say was "Nan!" and I could hear her laughing when I recognize her voice. I knew she was getting a kick out of it too.

So she said, "I just found out where you're working. What a nice boy you turned out to be." And she told me all about her kid. She has a kid three years old. Yeah, Joe. Nan has a kid. Why she's hardly more than a kid herself and she has a kid three years old. She chatted away just like old times and asked me how my wife was, she never having met Audrey and not caring a damn either as far as that goes, but women always pretend to be in-

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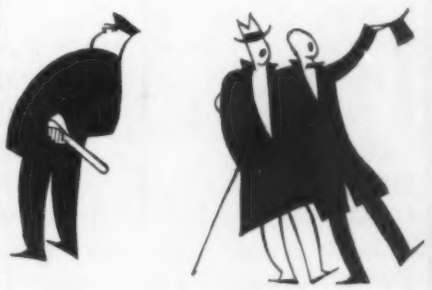

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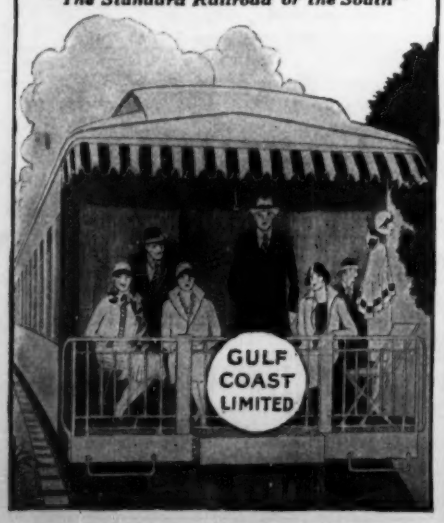

terested in their rivals even when they're not supposed to be rivals.

WELL, she asked me if she could see me. She'd like to talk over old times. So I had to explain all about the telephone arrangement and how I was talking from Bridgeport although she hadn't called up Bridgeport herself. So I said I'd like to take her to dinner some night and I couldn't think of a better night than Thursday. That was the next day. See, all this happened last Wednesday. So I said I'd see her at the usual place. Oh, first I asked her did she remember the usual place and you know what she said? She said: "Well, I haven't been there in five years but I hope those kids have grown up that used to bother you for nickels and dimes all the time." Imagine that? There used to be a bunch of kids hanging around that used to bother me for nickels and dimes all the time when I'd have a date with Nan and she remembered that.

So finally Thursday came around and she was there before I was which was unusual for Nan. And she was just the same except for a little more flesh, naturally having a baby why she got just a little stout, but gosh! she could have taken on fifty pounds and it wouldn't have been very noticeable, the little half-pint that she was, and she certainly didn't take on any fifty pounds. Just enough to make her better-looking than ever. What a girl!

WE had dinner and a bottle of dago red and then we went to the "Scandals." I paid fourteen bucks for the tickets but what the hell, we don't have reunions every night of the week. What I like about her was she didn't try to knock her husband or anything. She said he's a welder the same as I used to be and making good money, but she said the only objection she had was he didn't try to make some effort to improve himself the way I had, like with a little studying now and then. When I told her about my job she thought it was swell but never once did she pan her husband. Well, Nan always was a different kind of a kid. I mean she had guts and I don't think she's having exactly the time of her life either, because her clothes didn't look any too good. But she wasn't cheating or anything. She told her husband—a guy named Walter J. Morgoff—she told him she was going out with me, and he was there when we got home.

He seemed like a pretty nice fellow. I mean he's one of the guys you'd see on any job. But you could tell he was satisfied with welding. I could tell that from the way he talked. He sat around and opened a bottle of dago red at their apartment. They live on Marion Avenue about a Hunner Ninety-six Street. They got four rooms and not bad but the furniture is pretty cheap alongside of mine and it must be hell on Nan getting up to get breakfast when Walter has a job in Brooklyn. Well, he finally went to bed. He said he'd leave us two young lovers together and sort of laughed and that got a laugh out of me at the time. So he went to bed and Nan and I he left by ourselves. So Nan and I just chatted about nothing at all. I didn't make a pass at her and finally she suddenly stopped talking and I knew she was tired so I went home.

FUNNY how you get over a girl like that . . . Oh, why yes. Just let me have another cup of coffee and some of that apple pie à la mode.

—JOHN O'HARA

• •

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Germany	31	Robert Fehrenbach
England	32	John Faulkner
United States	33	Bainbridge Trennum
Indo-China	146	King Sisowith
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—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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THE ART GALLERIES

Beginning the Yearly Midwinter Offensive

TO counteract the newer movements in art as represented by Hartley and Boyd, the more sedate wing brings up its best troops to open the season. Eugene Speicher is having a big show at Rehn, and Gari Melchers has spread his life work over the third floor of the Anderson Galleries.

Whatever camp you may choose to belong to, we suppose you will grant that Speicher leads his group. Kindred in spirit to Bellows, who by his virile personality led the insurgents of his day, Speicher donned Bellows' mantle and wears it according to his own fashion. We feel that in his knowledge of color he is almost alone in his coterie.

Speicher has mastered his technique, and he cuts no didoes with it. What else, however, can we say? This sort of perfection very often leaves you spiritually just where you started. His large pictures that win the prizes are still portraits, restricted by their spacing and the necessity for large open spaces of canvas, but when Speicher gets out-of-doors, we feel that he has some fun and does things that are not in the old rule book. His "Old Boats, Roundout, N. Y.," the "Brigham's Yard, Kingston," and the "Landscape at Saugerties" are happy compositions.

GARI MELCHERS is one of the standbys of his generation. The show at the Anderson Galleries gives a résumé of every phase of his work. Coming after the gray days of Whistler, we suppose there was a time when he was considered brilliant. That was when focus had not yet become a part of painting in this country, and the more the detail, the merrier. We find the color pretty raw and in most cases wholly unrelated. Now and then there is a sketch from his early days, such as "The Sick Child," or "The Arbor," made when he was under the Barbizon influence, that is tonal and interesting.

THE Newhouse Galleries is all excited over a find, in the persons of Martin and George Baer, painters

GOOD NIGHT

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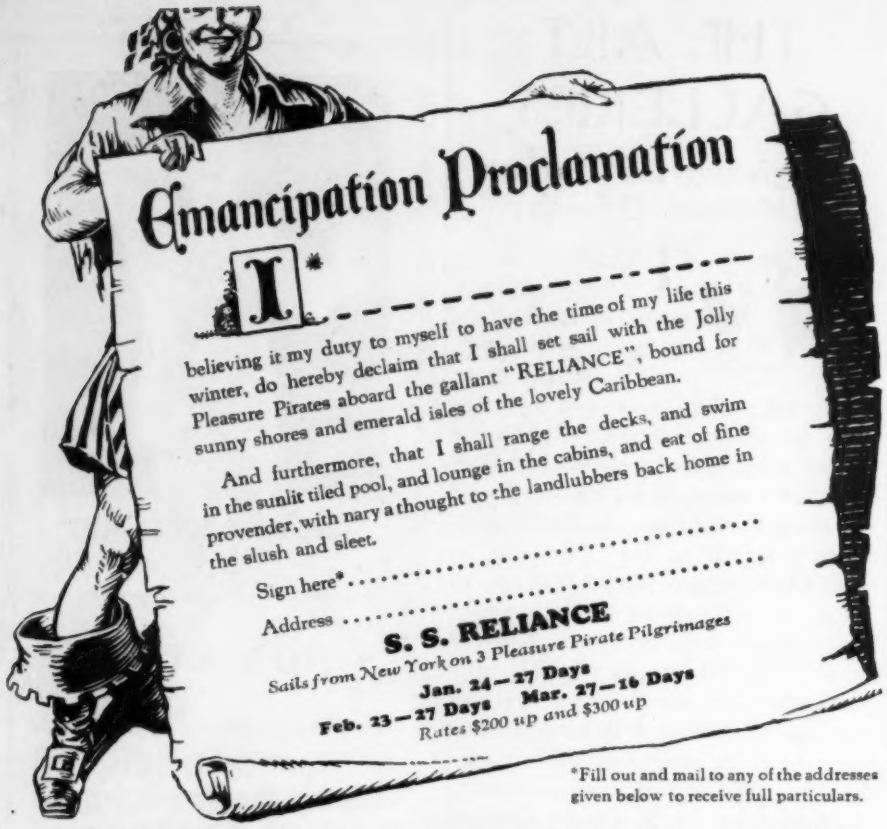
THE STREET OF FINE SHOPS
DETROIT

GOOD NIGHT

His door is closed and locked, the key hangs swinging, still clinking; the shower drips in lessening rhythm and wet towels huddle 'neath the spattered wash stand. Whoooooeee go the toy boats on the icy river. The soft warm blankets have been rolled back and the bed lamp sheds mellow yellow invitation to crawl in and turn 'round and 'round and *sleep*. An impudent wind from over the lakes harries him, hurries him, and he disappears under billows of blue wool and white. The day is done. The lamp is out. The wind sings its midnight song. He smiles and sleeps — and goes skirring to the other side of the moon, to the orange groves of Seville, or, he sits again in strange offices where that day he had fought his happy fights. And care stops at his door — and listens — and gazes wistfully through the key hole. What a wonderful sleep! *Good night.* See you soon?

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL
Carl M. Snyder, Managing Director
DETROIT


Emancipation Proclamation
I*
believing it my duty to myself to have the time of my life this winter, do hereby declaim that I shall set sail with the Jolly Pleasure Pirates aboard the gallant "RELIANCE", bound for sunny shores and emerald isles of the lovely Caribbean.
And furthermore, that I shall range the decks, and swim in the sunlit tiled pool, and lounge in the cabins, and eat of fine provender, with nary a thought to the landlubbers back home in the slush and sleet.
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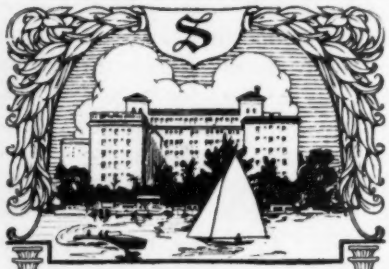

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of North Africa. We have seen statistics showing that there are but ten painters in the whole city of Jerusalem, and we suppose there are but two in the Sahara. The Baer brothers, then, are easily at the head of their group.

These paintings are mainly exercises in rhythms, with natives and camels as the motifs. The technique is that of a sort of Africanized Benton, with every now and then a great big, deep bow to El Greco. However, we think you will find the show interesting.

THE American Water Color Society is having its annual exhibition at the Fine Arts Galleries. Most of these workers do not bother about elimination, holding that there cannot be truth unless all is stated. This theory produces rather tedious and uninspired renderings of ordinary anecdotes and familiar objects—ships and dogs, houses and trees. When such a picture does not come off as a fair architectural rendering, it falls into the category of tinted illustration.

However, it is their show, and they have plenty of followers. We noted some names that seemed to be above the average of general smug content: Beatrice Craig is very good in her use of broken-up light. Florida Duncan and Nell Sewell Johnson have a good knowledge of the power of masses well used. Paul Gill is on the right road with his eliminations. J. E. Costigan also has studied the broken method of color. Others that caught our eye were Fred Nagler, Roy Brown, Karl Larsson, and B. L. Cuming.

EUGENE ZAK has been dead about two years, and now Durand-Ruel is having a show of the mature examples of his work. Although this painter died in the middle of his career, we feel that he had come to the way of painting that satisfied him, and the exhibition has enough material for a final judgment. Zak is of that branch of the moderns which was beginning to swing back to the classic for inspiration. His paintings consequently have a certain quality that is mystifying in this land where a song without words is too much of a strain on the mind.

Students and such, however, will find more in Zak than the layman will. In his low range of color he had achieved a fine sensitiveness, and his rhythmic compositions afford good examples of figure placing.

THE Dudensing Gallery has arranged a representative show of

most of the young folks it is battling for. The enthusiasm of this house is worthy of support, for it is one of those rare institutions whose proprietors are willing to deal in futures.

Two newcomers have the best of the show: John Graham and Peppino Mangravite. The latter's "Figure" is a complete composition with some good tonal value. Graham is of the early Picasso and Braque persuasion, and now and then carries off a good arrangement. Of the men who have trained with this gallery we have a weakness for Arnold Wiltz. He is easily the leader of our various followers of Rousseau, his current example, "On the Seine," being quite a fine picture. Philip Evergood, who had been content with an adolescent debauch of Biblical Suzannes and elders without number, has matured his outlook. His two latest pictures, landscapes, are nearer to understandable painting. The color in these is still lacking definition, but the young man has a certain talent.

Anne Goldwaithe we have noted now and then as being somewhat different from the general run of women painters. Her current show, now on at the Downtown Gallery, is not her last word in painting. Like many beginners, her luck at first was encouraging. Just now she seems to be in that very dull period of apprenticeship in which she has to correlate and consolidate her natural feelings with what the teachers give her.

Gordon Grant has water colors of dubious interest at the Montross Gallery. They are illustrative things, as a rule much too cluttered. . . . One of the unusual shows of this season is the work of negro artists, at the International House. . . . For the next two weeks the Kleeman-Thorman Galleries will exhibit the etchings of Walter Tittle. . . . Robert Macauly Jackson will have drawings at the Morton Gallery until the end of the month. . . . Charles Avery Aiken will have water colors at the Babcock Galleries until January 15. In the same gallery George Stengel will show his oils. . . . At the Grand Central Galleries, Ettore Caser will have paintings until January 19, and beginning January 22 the American Society of Miniature Painters will start its show there . . . . Erté, the master designer, is exhibiting his work at the Warren E. Cox Gallery, 744 Madison Avenue. —M. P.

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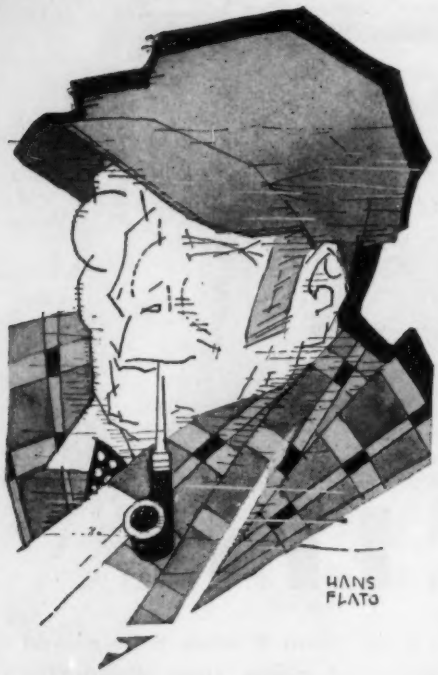

. . Our British traveling companion, who seemed so depressed at the prospect of post-war Vienna, brightened when we mentioned *The Bristol* . . . "Topping place, what! We'll get an excellent spot of food there."

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AT the Lincoln Square I have seen a lady ballet dancer, when hissed by an undiscerning audience, promptly hiss back.

At the American I have seen an outraged and unsung hero arise and hurl two turnips at a tenor who patently deserved it.

At the haughty Palace I have seen an eminent dramatic actress dismissed in frigid silence because she neglected to bow her thanks for entrance applause in the traditional manner.

At the Delancey I have seen a four o'clock matinée suddenly patronized to capacity because a shooting had occurred around the corner and the residents of the district did not choose to be questioned by the police.

At the Grand Street I have seen a performing pigeon seized and abducted by an alert balcony patron, who presumably took it home and ate it.

At the old Proctor's I have seen a famed and worthy cinema actor fail miserably in a personal appearance because the cynical patrons, who had been admitted for prices ranging modestly from thirty to fifty cents, refused to believe it was really he.

At the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street I have heard a comedian tell the one about who-was-that-lady-I-seen-you-with-last-night, and get away with it.

At the Eighty-sixth Street I have seen a ventriloquist gradually choke and finally abandon his act when an unprincipled patron in the first row produced a lemon and sucked it.

At the Grand Opera House I have seen a suspicious individual primly ejected when he chose to comment in a peculiar nasal manner upon the maladroitness of a dancing act.

At a variety house in the far Bronx, upon presenting a handsome and enterprising lady usher with a quarter, I to my surprise have received not only an excellent seat but a card bearing her name and telephone number.

—DONALD THOMPSON

•

The remarkable operation of grafting the pancreas of a chimpanzee on a human being was performed here yesterday. The patient, a man of about sixty years, was not allowed to recover from the anaesthetic.—*The Times.*

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RECENT BOOKS

Permanently Back on the Farm

ONE of the most important novels of early 1929 is an English importation, "Joseph and His Brethren," by H. W. Freeman. It brings to mind "Sussex Gorse" and "Joanna Godden," Hardy's Wessex, and **Hamsun's** "Growth of the Soil," because in it the land itself lives and struggles, is benign or malevolent, constant or capricious. Crackenhill Farm is the hero of this book. It has a reputation among its neighbors as a stubborn hostile bit of soil, ruthless in its treatment of the men who attempt to till it. Benjamin Geaiter and his five sons "'umor" it. They tend its sorry fields as they would a sick cow—and it responds.

Old Ben Geaiter is a hard man. One by one his sons try to escape his tyranny and the tyranny of his flocks and fields. One by one they are pulled back because their roots are there and they love it. So the six rough inarticulate men go about their work and eat bluish boiled potatoes in silence around their kitchen table until Nancy Hambling comes to Crackenhill to be the hired girl, bringing change with her—potato cakes and rabbit pies, marigolds on the table. Nancy is Woman for five young men, a woman for their father. She bears old Benjamin another son, Joseph. The story moves on deliberately, without artificial crises. Old Ben dies in his fields, Nancy marries a worthless drunkard who squanders her inheritance and forces a break between her and her stepsons. The brothers lose the farm and regain it, and bring the young Joseph to live with them. Joseph too steps into the procession of time, falls in love, and marries. The cycle will never be complete so long as there are men, and women, and land. "Joseph and His Brethren" is a savory book to be read slowly, and with more regard to its sturdy stability than to the temporary appeal of a "good story." We liked it.

TO our mind, "The Magic Island," by W. B. Seabrook, would have been a better book had it stopped after Part II. The first sections, "The Voodoo Rites" and "Black Sorcery," are exceptionally fine in their interpretation of the dark mysteries of a primitive people living so close to civilization that one can almost imagine the voodoo priestess conducting her gruesome rites by electric light. The rest of the book is made up of sketches and stories, interesting enough in themselves, but lacking the unity of mood which makes the description of voodooism and the cult of the dead so sinister and so effective.

The magic island is Haiti. The author went there because its mystery beckoned him. He found a suave modern civilization, scratched its surface, and came upon a pulsing, emotional, primitive life into which it was his good fortune to penetrate. His story of the rite of the scapegoat is a dramatic and picturesque version of similar stories to be found in "The Golden Bough." Mr. Seabrook was profoundly impressed by what he saw. He says: "I believe in such ceremonies . . . I believe that in some form or another they answer a deep need of the universal human soul . . . Codes of rational ethics and human brotherly love are useful, but they do not touch this thing underneath. . . Better a black *papaloi* in Haiti with blood-stained hands who believes in his living gods than a frock-coated minister on Fifth Avenue reducing Christ to a solar myth and rationalizing the Immaculate Conception."

MARK VAN DOREN has edited "An Anthology of World Poetry" covering representative verse of China, Japan, Ancient Greece and Rome, India, Persia, Arabia, France, Germany, England, Ireland, and America. The translators, as well as the poems, are picked from the top of the tree, and the result, from a first excited examination, is most satisfactory. We get the same kind of enjoyment from a good anthology that we do from the dictionary, and that is not a dirty crack. There is an isolation and an entity about a single poem selected from a nation's literature, just as there is about a single word standing out from a rabble of words, which is very beguiling to us. This is a beautifully printed book, not too bulky to be read comfortably, well indexed, and intelligently put together. It seemed to us that the selection of American poems left something to be desired, but perhaps this is atoned for by the number and variety of Oriental and European inclusions. —R. L. L.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN, by H. W. Freeman (*Holt*). A novel in the Hardy tradition, with a farm as its central figure.

PRIVATE SUHREN, by George von der Vring (*Harper*). The daily life and thoughts of a private soldier in the German war machine.

SIX MORAL TALES FROM JULES LAFOURGE (*Liveright*). Frances Newman's excellent translation of six sophisticated fables, among them Lohengrin, Hamlet, Salome, Perseus.

THE REBEL GENERATION, by Jo van Ammers-Küller (*Dutton*). Charming presentation of three generations of rebellious women in a Dutch family.

MIST, by Miguel de Unamuno (*Knopf*). A philosopher turns novelist, and we thought the result not too successful. There are, however, some bright spots in this fantastic tale told in the eighteenth-century manner.

THE WELL OF LONELINESS, by Radclyffe Hall (*Covici, Friede*). An honest and restrained study of a pathological problem, beautifully written and apt to produce controversy. Worth reading.

THE MAD PROFESSOR, by Hermann Sudermann (*Liveright*). A university professor who taught philosophy and loved life is the central figure of this impressive novel about the Germany which made the war possible.

STRIDE OF MAN, by Thames Williamson (*Coward-McCann*). The pioneer process is reversed in this excellent "Eastward Ho," the story of a motor magnate's career.

THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA, by Arnold Zweig (*Viking Press*). The case of an escaped soldier serves as the framework for this superb novel of wartime Germany.

HOW THE OLD WOMAN GOT HOME, by M. P. Shiel (*Macy-Masius*). Highly praised by the critics for its thrilling plot, imaginative qualities, and style. We found it very hard to read.

General

THE MAGIC ISLAND, by W. B. Seabrook (*Harcourt, Brace*). Voodoo, witchcraft, and black magic in Haiti make this an exciting and colorful book. The author writes from his own unusual experiences.

THE WAY THE WORLD IS GOING, by H. G. Wells (*Doubleday, Doran*). A characteristic group of reflections on contemporary tendencies, with guesses and forecasts of the years ahead, which have appeared in a somewhat abridged form in the *Times* magazine section.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD POETRY, edited by Mark Van Doren (*A. & C. Boni*). All countries and all periods are represented by the best translations available. A fine piece of editing and easy to carry around.

THE REIGN OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, by Count Egon Caesar Corti (*Cosmopolitan*). A continuation of the history of the golden Titans from 1830 to the present day. A fascinating story even if you don't know anything about finance.

CAWDOR, by Robinson Jeffers (*Liveright*). A long narrative poem with great dramatic power, intellectual vigor, and the sweep of a Greek drama.

BLACK ROCK AND OTHER POEMS, by John Gould Fletcher (*Macmillan*). Mr. Fletcher's new collection of verses is rich and varied.

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WINTER WORDS IN VARIOUS MOODS AND METRES, by Thomas Hardy (*Macmillan*). Hardy's last poems, intellectual rather than lyrical but nevertheless full of an austere and rugged beauty.

THE GREAT ENLIGHTMENT, by Lee Wilson Dodd (*Harper*). Worth reading for the title poem alone, in which Mr. Dodd turns a satiric and Popian eye upon modern manners and letters.

OUTLINE OF CAREERS FOR WOMEN, edited by Doris Fleischman (*Doubleday, Doran*). The many fields of women's activities are discussed by women who have succeeded in them.

JEWS ARE LIKE THAT, by Analyticus (*Brentano*). Analyticus discusses what nine distinguished Jews actually *are* in order to discover what the Jew really is.

MAN THE MIRACLE MAKER, by Hendrik Willem van Loon (*Liveright*). Mr. van Loon tells the story of man's inventions in his sprightly manner.

THE DIARY OF DOSTOYEVSKY'S WIFE, (*Macmillan*). What marriage to a genius is really like—the story of the young girl who married Dostoyevsky, transcribed from her shorthand diary.

THE EARLY LIFE OF THOMAS HARDY, by Florence Emily Hardy (*Macmillan*). A picture of the early life of Thomas Hardy (1840-1891) pieced together by his wife from diaries, notebooks, and letters.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR, by Madame du Hausset (*Brentano*). A lady-in-waiting kept her recollections of a king's mistress, and they make entertaining reading.

SCHUMANN-HEINK, by Mary Lawton (*Macmillan*). Ernestine Schumann-Heink's recollections of a long and varied career. Full of anecdotes and photographs.

THE TRAGEDY OF EDWARD VII, by W. E. Edwards (*Dodd, Mead*). A partisan study of a man and a politician "whose royal birth was the greatest obstacle to his development."

FABULOUS NEW ORLEANS, by Lyle Saxon (*Century*). This series of impressions of New Orleans is as colorful as a Mardi Gras parade. Admirably written and illustrated.

JUBILEE JIM: THE LIFE OF COL. JAMES FISK, JR., by Robert H. Fuller (*Macmillan*). A fine, discursive, full-flavored biography of the bad boy of his day.

I SAW IT MYSELF, by Henri Barbusse (*Dutton*). True, vivid, and nerve-shattering stories and sketches of the war and post-war in Russia and the Balkans.

FOOL'S ERRAND, by Alexander Laing (*Doubleday, Doran*). A slender collection of poems, ranging from the period of Housman imitation to some distinctive sonnets.

THE LETTERS OF SACCO AND VANZETTI (*Viking Press*). The prison letters of Sacco and Vanzetti, covering a period of seven years and remarkably illuminating as to the thoughts of men condemned to death.

MOSES, by Louis Untermeyer (*Harcourt, Brace*). Not an attempt to do the Erskine stunt with Moses, but a serious, albeit entertaining and human, story of the man, his emotions, and his philosophy.

SONNETS, by Edwin Arlington Robinson (*Macmillan*). Sonnets worthy of the author of "Tristram." They have not only lyric beauty but some of them contain the core of drama. Really distinguished work.

PARIS SALONS, CAFÉS, STUDIOS, by Sisley Huddleston (*Lippincott*). Observations and anecdotes of the Paris indicated by the title. Full of literary and artistic gossip.

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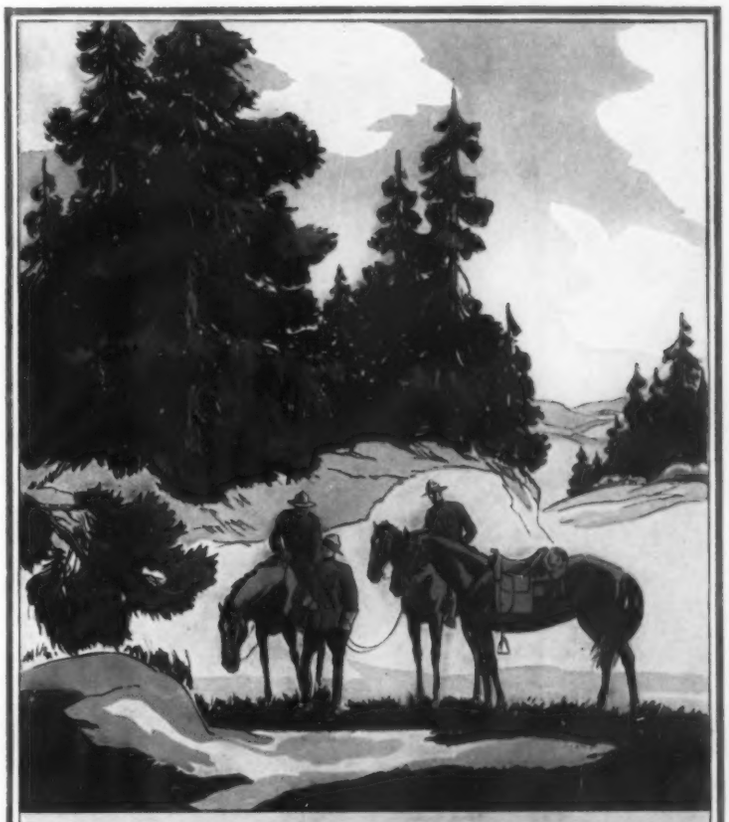
PLAIN Ends

THE ONE CIGARETTE SMOKED THE WORLD OVER

Down from Canada came tales of a

Wonderful Beverage



THE LAND OF THE FIR AND THE MAPLE

For years and years, visitors to Canada had come back with tales of a wonderful beverage—a ginger ale. They described its exquisite flavor . . . they told of drinking it in the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa . . . at the residence of the Governor-General . . . at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. "A 'dry' ginger ale," some said. "A bouquet like a rare old wine," was the comment of others. "A subtle ginger taste which is delightful and delicious," still others would add.

And friends would listen, smacking their lips, and ask, "Isn't there *some* way to purchase this ginger ale in this country?" But the answer was always, "No."

Finally, so insistent became the demand, that it was decided to open a branch office in the United States, and so, in 1922, "Canada Dry" was officially brought to this country. That date marked the beginning of a romantic commercial story.

Its marvelous flavor has won it world-wide approval

Today—1929—"Canada Dry" is known the wide world over. It has the approving nod of connoisseurs—from New York to Paris, to Cairo and Calcutta—the fame of "Canada Dry" literally encircles the world.

Pure ingredients give "Canada Dry" its distinction

Absolutely pure ingredients are used in "Canada Dry." High-quality Jamaica ginger contributes to its wonderful flavor. It is blended and balanced with care. Exact proportions prevail and hourly check-ups prevent variation from these proportions. A secret process of carbonation enables "Canada Dry" to retain its sparkle long after the bottle is opened. Not containing capsicum (red pepper), "Canada Dry" does not bite the tongue or leave an unpleasant after-effect. Because of its purity, leading hospitals serve it and leading physicians prescribe it.

In quality, in purity, in the witchery of its matchless flavor, "Canada Dry" is indeed the champagne of ginger ales.

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

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Historically, Raleigh probably never set eyes on Pocahontas, the Indian princess.. but it seems fitting to show the New World offering the Old World its most gratifying of botanical achievements. For after this pretty exchange, certainly the rest is history.....

RALEIGH was the name of a gentleman-adventurer. He made tobacco popular. Raleigh is now the name of a new . . . a boldly original and an altogether perfect cigarette.

It is blended PUFF by PUFF

TWENTY CENTS

PLAIN — OR TIPPED

BROWN AND WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION

Winston-Salem and Louisville